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THE

Green Mountain Preacher,

OR, THE

TRAVELS AND LABORS

OF

WILLIAM L. CAMP.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare
what he hath done for my soul."

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

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TRAVELS AND LABORS.

I was born in an old house, in the town of Lunenburg, Vt., on the 24th day of December, 1824. I am the second of seven children, three sons and four daughters. My father was an honest, moral man, and never troubled himself about property ; worked hard, but gained nothing. Mother was an out door woman ; could turn her hand to any work ; she was only in her element, when surrounded with a loom, wheel, a large pile of wool, and a nice bundle of flax. The buzz of the little wheel was delightful music to her ear. Father loved a large fire in an old fashioned stone fire-place, and to peel a birch broom in a long winter evening. While

LABORS OF THE

mother was worrying about the future, he took no thought for the morrow.— On coming to the house where I first saw the light, one could but notice the plain home appearance of everything around. The eye would first observe the outer door, made of coarse upright boards, and a wooden latch, the floors of each room having a striking resemblance; even the parlor was proud to have the feet of the gentry step on her hemlock carpet. The house was well papered, especially where there was a crack, to keep out the wind and snow; a little poetry would often appear on its walls, cut from some newspaper.

As an infant, it is said I was not very bad to manage, only let me do as I wished, which mother always did; never put any cruel restraints upon children; if they had slept well during the day, and were wakeful at night, requested her to sit up with them

a hard day's work, of course she must do so, or hear a noise which was anything but agreeable to a sleepy person. I could sometimes be quieted by raking the ashes away and letting a coal appear, and bolstering me up in the bed. My mother was not like some, to correct a child, when they wished to cry, at any hour, by day or night. When I was two years old, an apple or blackberry was of great consequence in my eye, only I did not like the absence of mother to get them, and if I was taken, the briers were an annoyance. One day I thought it would be a fine thing to drive father's black oxen with the long stick, which, in attempting to do, one of them rapped me on the head, and laid me on the ground for a while.

Sometimes I would go with my older sister to see the neighbors ; on one occasion seeing an old lady cutting some cheese, I balanced upon my toes to gaze

on to the table, and exclaimed "see the skippers with blue heads!" The foot of the cheese-maker was set down with so much force, that it rang fearfully through my ears. I remember that near the large door rock, there was one of the clear cold springs, with a log shade over it. One day as sister and myself were looking in, she fell, and was taken out nearly dead. Salmon Phiney was an honest simple bachelor, under the care of his mother, he was childish and fond of children; nothing looked better to me than to see him paring a large red apple with a small pen knife. He loved rum, but was stinted; he used to complain, saying that his mother was too fearful of emptying the bottle, and that when he could get to it, it would run more freely.

When I was about four years old, father made a pen on the sled for the hog, drove the cattle, packed on the

GREEN MOUNTAIN PREACHER.

goods, and all hands moved to Guildhall, Vt., father having engaged to take care of the old folks. Guildhall is a pleasant town, situated on the Connecticut river; its principal village, is located near the Falls; many of its inhabitants were poor and wicked; some were rich and oppressive. Here fresh trials arose. Grandmother was crazy. The first night on entering the house in an adjoining room, we heard cursing and swearing, with fearless audacity.—Chairs and dishes were promiscuously thrown together; the pannels leaped from the doors, and I supposed that the very devil had come up.

This house was built on a pine plain two stories high, surrounded by poplars and other trees. The water was drawn from a well more than 50 feet deep; at one time, the water became nauseous; with much self-denial was it used.—A little before this, there was a gre

deal said about the remarkable disappearance of Foster's dog. The last that was seen of him, he was chasing a cat one evening from the barn towards the house ; it was finally deemed proper to clean the well, and see if the water would not be more pure ; the water was drawn out ; and a man sent down and the bucket lowered ; the first thing which was drawn up, was a few pieces of a dog, and also a cat. When the news was conveyed to those who had been using the water, they felt very peculiar in their stomachs.

When I was five or six, I was sent to school, wearing a girl's dress, which garment, I had always worn. One day I found mother making me some little trowsers, and declared I would never put them on, but finally consented.— When I was dressed in the new garment, I thought myself almost a man, which on further investigation I found to be a mistake.

Soon the novelty of attending school wore off, and often when sent by my parents, I would lie concealed in sight of the school-house until noon, then return home for my dinner; and could tell who was at the head, and who at the foot. At other times, I would go on to the checkerberry plain, and remain till night, then run home glad to be released from school.

In this part of the country, bears and wolves haunted with unrestrained liberty. At one time, great havoc was made among the neighbor's sheep; at length Miss Bruin was discovered making haste for the woods. Soon a large number of men were gathered, who surrounded a few acres of forest, then drew gently towards the middle; soon the black monster was seen crouching down beneath an old root, which nearly concealed her from sight; she was speedily visited with a volley of hot

bullets, which humbled her proud head, and caused her to stagger. One imprudent young man, thinking that her strength was far gone, said he would have one good ride, and leaped upon her back; the old bear moderately turned her head, opened her large mouth, and grabbed his leg, and brought her teeth together, which crushed the limb, and it was some time before he could be rescued. After she was dispatched and brought into the open field, the neighbors were collected to rejoice over a conquered enemy, and share the bounty among them. When I was about eight years old, I had my first interview with death. Mr. Wade, was ever afraid of dying, and many times the neighbors were called in to witness the last struggle; his groans and cries were heard afar; he was one of those that made a great smoke when there was but little fire; though years passed off, yet the hour

came at last. It was difficult to get help to lay him out, the people not believing that he was dead. I went in with a few others, a lady took me up, and while I was looking at the pale face, she told me that I must one day be in the same condition, which left serious impressions on my mind. Not long after this, the whole family was visited with a terrible sickness; one after another was laid to bed. My young sister of three years, was a remarkable child, pleasant and amiable in her disposition, a flower too beautiful, to long escape the enemy's grasp. On Saturday it was perceived that she was unwell, but not considered dangerous;—about light the next morning, we were called up to say farewell to the little angel sister; her eyes were wildly rolling about the room, the wheels of nature were ready to stop; being borne down by keen distress; mortification had com-

menced the work of destruction. She begged to be laid upon the floor, then would roll from one side to the other, mournfully sighing, but no complaint was heard ; she was carried to the bedside of her mother, who declared her already in the arms of death.

‘William !’ said father, ‘go for the doctor.’ I at once started, dressed with my thin summer clothes, in a cold morning late in the fall : my bare feet were torn upon the frozen ground, and my body chilled, long before reaching the place.

When I arrived home, all were weeping, father took my hand, and said, go with me ; I went into a little room, and in one corner, on a folded quilt, lay my dear sister, her sufferings all over ; it was hard to believe her dead : her plump fat cheeks were cold to my lips. While I pressed her little hand in mine, there was no motion in return ; her eyes no longer beamed with pleasure ; I spoke,

but she answered not ; I turned around and wept.

The next day a little red coffin was brought in, and oh, how solemn was my heart, when I thought, must I ever be put in such an one, and buried in the ground !

Two women carefully took up the little corpse, as if afraid of awaking her ; she was placed in her narrow bed ; her small hands folded on her breast, her pleasant blue eyes closed, and a white pillow placed under her head. When father screwed down the lid, an awful feeling ran through my heart ; I felt *sure* that she was saved, but I was afraid that I should be lost.

The neighbors came in, and after religious services, we slowly proceeded to the home of the dead, on the bank of the Connecticut River. The black cloth was removed ; a pair of leading lines placed under the coffin ; then it

was slowly and silently let far down into the earth. My heart was pained, my eyes overflowed with tears, and on returning home, all was not right ; the little chair had none to occupy it ; a breach was made which could not be repaired.

For a long time, my convictions were severe : every night I thought I should die before morning, and go to hell. I thought if mother was sure of living till morning, I might be ; so I would ask her what she intended to do the next day. Sometimes she would say, she was going to spin, &c. One night I asked the question, and was answered thus, "I do not know that I shall live till morning." This threw me into a wretched state of mind. After going to bed that night, as I lay down, I thought I should die in a few minutes, and at once started up and screamed out, then I was ashamed, fearing the family would come in.

In a little time, my convictions wore off; I became recklessly wicked, and dealt wholesale in profanity and other sins.

We soon moved on to a little farm in Granby wood, about 30 acres cleared, and no other clearing in sight; it was two miles one way to neighbors, and four the other. Here we were surrounded by bears and wolves to any number. One dark night father was coming home, and when within a few rods of the opening, something very heavy sprang up before him, stopping and starting; and after many such attempts, the monster sprang into the brush close beside the road; father passed by, and came to the house weak and faint; that night a large sheep was taken from the flock. Frequently sheep were taken out of the barn-yard, and sometimes out of the stable window.— At one time, father set a trap near the

barn, covered with earth ; to the trap was attached a large chain, and to that a flax twine ; the twine extended to the house, was fastened to a chair, and a bell hung on it ; so when the trap moved, the chair would tip over, and and give the alarm. One night father laid the gun on the table, loaded with a kettle leg ; in the night over went the chair. He, waking out of a sound sleep, jumped from the bed, put on some of his clothes, caught the gun and went to the trap, and found all well. The secret was soon revealed ; the dew had shrunk the string just enough to upset the chair, so he lay down again. Mr. Cook, on hearing a great stir in the hovel among the sheep, went out without dressing, and opened the door to look in, when out came a bear, and rushing between his two legs, made her escape. About this time, father become deeply involved in debt, through sickness and

other misfortunes, and was continually harrassed by creditors, when he had nothing to pay.

One day father came in, and said that he would be glad to pay all of his debts, but could not at present, and that he was bound to leave the place, which he did, taking me with him to Orange, Vt., about 70 miles, where he worked for his brother George, and I returned to Guildhall. Mother being an expert business woman, managed the family affairs with great prudence.

In September, a team was sent, and all moved to Orange, into one of uncle's old open houses, off in the woods. Here we experienced hunger, nakedness and cold. Father was untiring in his efforts to provide for his family, yet we lacked many of the necessities of life.

In the spring, I went to live with a man, by the name of Otis Bachelder,

being about twelve years of age. They set me to chopping wood at the door; from morning till night did I toil, day after day with a heavy axe, until my hands were crippled and blistered. After the family had eaten their meals, I was called in, to take what was left, with his brother, whom the neighbors justly called a fool.

My heart was grieved, and stomach pinched; many times I waited till ten at night, before I had my supper offered me, while the women folks were chatting and knitting as usual; they would say "you must be saving of the milk" &c. This being pinched through stinginess, was new business to me, and I made an excuse to work with father a few days, who was chopping wood at the store of Fifield. I just told him what kind of a place I had been living at, who said, that I need not go back unless I chose.

One day while at work, an old man came riding along, whom I had never seen before; father asked him if he wanted a boy to work for him, for his victuals and clothes. A bargain was soon made, and the day set when I would be at his house.

I knew not into whose hands I was about to fall; but through hope and fear, when the appointed day arrived, mother took a handkerchief and tied up a few clothes, and I went to Bachelder's for the rest. On arriving at the house, I told the woman that I wanted my shirt and stockings; says she, where are you going? no matter said I. My husband is in the woods, and you will not have time if you first ask his leave, so stay till morning, said she. I replied, as far as staying over night, and asking Bachelder's leave is concerned, I shall do neither, so hasten for those articles. I rolled them up with the rest, putting

the handkerchief on as mother did, which I thought would be some comfort. The bundle was strung on my little arm, and the journey commenced late in the afternoon; now and then I would stop by the road to rest a few moments, brush the tears from my eyes, and go on again.

Just at night, I arrived at Mr. Judkin's, the place of my destination. The old man was sitting in the corner, with a jammed up black hat on one side, and partially covering his eyes. His wife, of about 70, was nimble as a top. After being in the house a few moments, I went to the barn, to mourn, and become reconciled if I could. On the whole, I found a very agreeable family; where I stayed till about October; attended Sabbath school some; and one day while listening to Mr. Wing, and gazing up at the pulpit, I thought that I should some day preach the gospel

and felt a spring of joy in my heart.—
The first pulpit that I ever ascended
to preach, was that, years after.

In the fall, I went home for a day or two, and on returning, I thought that matters had changed, and I felt strangely all day ; just at night, the old lady asked me, if I would not go with her to the barn, and find a hen's nest ; while at the barn, she stepped abruptly before me, and said sternly ; we have met with a great loss ; said I, what ? Two dollars in money, said she, have been taken from Mr. Judkins' pocket book, and we have every reason to think you stole it. I was thunderstruck, and knew not what to reply, for such a thing I never thought of ; she positively affirmed that I was the thief, and demanded the money at once, saying, none shall know it ; I replied, that I knew nothing about it, and furthermore, that I should tell every body I saw, that she had ac-

cused me of stealing ; that night I cried myself to sleep, calculating to see Barre the next day, where my Father worked in "Keth's Starch factory." When I awoke, about two o'clock, the moon shone bright, and after sitting up in the bed a long time, pondering in my mind, whether I had been dreaming, (for I could not make the scene of the evening seem any ways natural,) I carefully arose, and went out of doors, as still as possible, crawled through a hole in the back part of the old shed, and traveled hard till light ; then went into the house, and a kind woman gave me some breakfast. Father comforted me up and said, "stay with me a day or two and I will go back with you," which I did, but still the family affirmed that I took the money, I then went home. A few days, mother went to Mr. Jenkins', and Mrs. J. told her, that I *had* found one dollar of the lost mon

paid for taxes, which they did not think of, and presumed that the other had gone in the same way.

This accusation was a very hasty mistake, yet I never lived with a better family ; they were as parents to me.— I had many leisure hours, which I improved in making fiddles, waggons, pear-ing-machines, &c. The first fiddle was made square, of boards put together with nails ; for a bow, I pulled some hair from the old cow's tail, and tied it on to a stick, resined it with wax, then would fiddle behind the barn ; which set all the boys in the neighborhood to making them, especially Stratton Mattoon, who made one of shingles.

In the spring of 1837, all hands moved to Chelsea, into an old dirty house, a little off the road. When I had gone a few miles with the hog and cow, one of father's creditors followed on horse-back, and drove them into a yard, near

the road, saying, that he had a bill sale on them; when he had gone, I *set* them out and hastened on.

I soon began work for Mr. Fuller, who lived in a large house, surrounded with a beautiful farm. He had two sons and one daughter, who lived at home. In that vicinity, there lived a peculiar boy, he would often suck his lips, and spit blood to the great alarm of the family; at such times he was not required to work for a number of days, and when the rest was out of sight, he would often go to the woods with his gun, and spend the day; he frequently had considerable jewelry to give away, or sell cheap; canisters of powder, and pistols were with him very abundant, he possessed many things much beyond his means. One time he wanted a watch, and being in a Goldsmith's shop, carried one away, but it proved to need *repairing*, so in a short time, he chang-

ed the hands and chain, and carried it back to be repaired, but the man detected it, and the boy's father was called in, and required to pay fifty dollars, or have the thing exposed. A few days after, his brother was required to pay as much more, which he did. This boy once tried to get me to help him steal a ninepence, which he said was in his father's desk ; his plan was, that we both go to the desk, and I put the money into his hand, which he thought would prevent his appearing guilty, when asked if he took it, but God delivered me from this temptation, for when he opened the desk, I felt a sudden impression to leave the room, which I did. Mr. Fuller was a constant church going man, and always attended family prayer, though he never varied much from one set of words in praying, and I thought him to be inconsistent in some other things, yet, I often had tender

feelings while he was attending to his family devotions, especially at one time, when he asked his wicked son, if he prayed every night? he answered, yes; I thought if that boy prayed, as bad as I thought him to be, I would pray myself, which afterwards I did, frequently.

Mr. Fuller never seemed to know when it was night, which was one of his greatest faults in the eyes of his workmen. I have worked many a time till nine and ten o'clock, then milked and eat my supper; but he always knew when it was morning, and so did I, when I heard his big boots thumping the floor. Mrs. Fuller was a good woman, she always treated me as a mother.

In the fall I returned home. Father had the luck to break his wrist, and was not able to do any thing for a year.— This was a sad stroke in our low circumstances. While Father was visiting his friends, Mother was at home with

the children, bringing all her ingenuity of calculation into action. We moved into a small room, got some hay, old rags and paper, and stopped up all the holes. Mother sold a piece of cloth and bought hay to keep the cow ; and as I was exposed to the cold, having most of the wood to draw on a hand cart or sled, for near a half mile, she cut her old blue flannel dress up, and made me some drawers, and oh how soft they were, and how proud I felt. We learned to value every crust of bread, and every stick of wood. Mother was uncommonly good natured that winter ; once while at the door, I heard her say, "glory to God," I was glad, and supposed that she was trying to live a secret religion, as she never said any thing about it.

There were weekly prayer-meetings, held in the neighborhood, which I frequently attended ; an old bachelor, by

the name of Woodward, generally took the lead, and would talk a great deal about the judgment day, how we must soon be there; the necessity of getting ready, &c. I often felt solemn, and one night on returning home, I found the family had all retired, and as it was dark in the kitchen, I knelt down to pray which I had no sooner done, than it was suggested that all the folks were looking; I at once arose, went to the barn, prayed, and returned to the house. After this, I continued to pray most every day, left off my profanity, and became more mild in my disposition.

About this time, I heard that a man by the name of Miller, was preaching, that in a short time, Christ was coming to destroy the wicked, and dwell among the righteous. I began to pray earnestly, that I might be a righteous boy, I calculated if I could feel my acceptance with God, to keep it to myself and never tell any one.

I was now about thirteen years old. The next summer I lived with Reuben Morey, in Strafford. He and his wife were Free-will Baptists, yet I never heard them pray but once. This summer I commenced reading the New Testament, and made it a rule, to pray every morning and night. My conversion was so gradual, that I can neither tell the hour, day, nor week. I sought God from a sense of duty, and all I know, is, that as I continued to do, what I knew I ought to, I felt better and clearer in my mind, until at last I could say, Jesus is mine, and I am his ! No one took any interest in my spiritual welfare. It was a time of great coldness in the churches ; yet my convictions directed me to the scriptures, and the scriptures, to Jesus my Savior. Up to this time I had not hinted my feelings to any one. On returning home in September, in order to hide my religion from the fam-

ily, I engaged in sport and vain talk as usual, of course, was at once in the dark. I was glad to get away in two weeks, but my Savior was grieved and hid his face, and I went to Thetford, mourning my loss. Here I attended a protracted meeting. The third evening, William Ingraham came for me to go forward to be prayed for, I went and knelt with many others. I thought that none were seen but myself. In a short time the Lord gave me back my peace, and I confessed him before the world. In the fall of 1841, I worked for J. W. Johnson, carding wool. They lived like hogs in the house, and I was cheated out of part of my earnings.

It was constantly suggested to my mind, that I *must* preach the gospel, but I could not think it from God. Day after day, preach, preach, was the last thing at night, and the first in the morning. By this time I was a little cold

in religion, and again endeavoring to live what I *had* by myself.

One night, I dreamed, that I was in a meeting room, filled with people. A number of ministers were sitting on a seat in the middle of the room; they all urged me to preach, which I did ; some wept, and I was happy.

The next winter, I attended school a part of the time, and in the spring began to work at home, but was so wretched on account of the heavy cross before me, that I could not pursue any calling with comfort.

After the spring's work was done, I again left home, knowing not where to go, or caring but little what became of me ; I thought I would like to die, if I knew it would be well with me, which I very much doubted, at that time.— After traveling as far as Tunbridge, I saw J. W. Johnson, who had lately moved there ; he urged me to stop, and

work with him at carding wool, which I consented to do, for a short time. I refused to sleep in the house, but would lay on the wool; I felt as if I never wanted to see a human countenance again; but would be glad to go into the mountain, live, and die alone; I would pray and weep, and sometimes think I would preach any way, and then again, that I could not, let come what would. The more solitary the place, the more agreeable it was to my feelings. I could not bear to hear a person rejoice, the birds sing, or see the sun shine.

After working about three weeks, I agreed with Johnson, to dress father's cloth, and take his pay in work the next fall. The cloth was sent and dressed. At the appointed time, I went with my clothes, to work, but he had hired a hand, and did not want me, and said that he must keep the cloth until he had his pay for dressing. I asked

him to take down the rolls, which he did, and as it was late in the day, he invited me to stay till morning, I said, yes; and sleep in the factory with the hired man ; and after much urging to go to the house, he left me. I observed the man locking the door, and requested him to leave the key in the lock, as I might be under the necessity of going out in the night ; with much hesitation he did so. The first time I awoke, I arose, took my clothes, the cloth, and a cane, and at light the next morning I was ten miles away. We are about even now, as far as money is concerned.

Every thing that I attempted to do, worked against me. At one time I went to Thetford, and worked for Mr. Ingraham a few weeks, one day he sent me to plow a ledgey piece of ground with a crazy yoke of oxen, they ran, and I ran, soon all hands went over a large rock, and the plow flew into a number

of pieces, which cost about three dollars to get it repaired. After this I went to picking apples; when the dinner-horn sounded, I left the cattle chained to a tree. On returning, they were down in a very unnatural plight, one was dead, and the other nearly dead. I worked a few days with a poor man by the name of Dike, who had a nice field of corn all in the stock; the merchant thought it a good time to secure his debt, so he attached it, but that same night it was all moved away. Dike was suspected, and an officer sent to take him. He was teaming a yoke of oxen, and as the officer alighted from his carriage, he met the large end of an ox-goad, which cut off the rim of his hat on one side, and so stunned him, that he knew but little for a long time; when he began to look about, Dike was just going into the woods, cursing like "Shimei" as he went, and so escaped to New Hampshire.

The next winter I lived with Smith Morrill, in So. Strafford, and worked in the blacksmith shop.

I was living a moral life, endeavoring at all times to keep within the bounds of consistency. Mrs. Morrill was considered one of the most devoted young ladies in town, before she was married, but after she became connected with an unbeliever, she lost her religion. They had one child, which, with its mother, was left at home most of the long winter evenings. Morrill loved to play on the violin, and his sister Mary, a girl about eighteen, to dance, they spent much of their precious time in vain employ.

I left in the spring; a year or two after, they both died with the consumption.

In the spring of 1843, I wandered into Lyme, N. H. and hired out to a man by the name of Williams, and agreed to

begin the next Friday. When the day arrived, I put my things into a trunk, tied it on my back, and started off. The next morning, I was placed at a pile of dry oak limbs, with a dull axe; after striking a few blows, and making but little impression, I stopped, sighed, gave two looks for the end of six months, but could not discover it; then went to work again. The greatest failing with that family was, they both loved rum better than anything else. I left, about the middle of the summer, then took a journey to Guildhall on foot. The first day was warm, and when I had got to Haverhill, my feet were blistered. I washed them in spirits, and went to Newbury: it was now after dark, and I began to seek for a place to stay over night. I saw a woman standing in the door, and asked her if I could stay with the family till morning, she said they were all sick; went to the next house, and

asked the same question, the woman said that her husband was gone, but that she expected him soon, and that I might sit down till he came home, then ask him. I thought it was so uncertain whether they would keep me, I went on, and soon came to a small barn close beside the road. I went sily in, shut the door, crawled on to the hay, and laid down. There were a number of hogs, and a roost of hens, for my company, and as the pigs sung, and the fleas faithfully watched over me, I meditated on my backslidden state, and while mourning, fell asleep. The first time I awoke, I jumped up, and went five miles before light; on my way I met what I supposed to be a cow, and being a great lover of milk, I made a number of fruitless attempts to get a swallow or two; I soon discovered it was an ox.

While visiting the place of my childhood, I had many bitter and sweet re-

flections, especially at the grave of my sister.

One night I stopped at a place where a wicked boy stole a part of my money ; but the next day I made him give it up. In the fall I worked at a place in N H., where the people were rich and stingy, not giving their hired help decent fare. I found a plenty of good apples in the shed chamber, and a nice cheese in the back buttery, which I roasted by the arch, when boiling swill for the hogs.

In the winter following, I had a severe fever for a long time, which made me feel the importance of being ready to die.

When I was able to work out, I had a renewal of the call, "Go and preach the gospel." I said no ; I am poor and bashful, shall get confounded if I try. Such were my feelings that life became a burden, and I wished for a lonely place to mourn and die ; I was homesick, and sick of home.

Was mad at everything I see,
And everything was mad at me.

I was perfectly miserable, not having any comfort only when asleep, and not much then, for I was frequently tormented with dreams. One night I dreamed that I was a minister, and was baptizing a number of young people in a river, while the bank was lined with spectators. I awoke with the impression to be baptised and go about my Master's business.

About the middle of the Summer, I went to work for a man by the name of White, in a Bugle shop, at Thetford.— He got into a law fuss, and ran away, but I continued to work in the same shop and board with H. Smith, a regular drunkard.

I soon saw that I was under the necessity of taking a decided stand for religion, or against it. I heard God's name profaned on every hand, and saw his Sabbaths desecrated.

Nov. 3. I went to a prayer meeting and felt it my duty to start anew and confess Christ boldly, but did not; went home with a heavy heart. My trials were so great, that I became confused in my mind, and Mother said that I was crazy.

Nov. 13. Was taken sick, and went home, and staid a few days, and then returned. I continued to attend the prayer meetings, and my convictions of duty daily increased. One evening as I sat in the meeting, it was suddenly impressed on my mind to speak. I thought, after the next one, then, after they sing again, and so on, till the services closed, and I returned to my room to mourn, and resolve that if God would spare my life another week, I would do my duty. A deep sense of duty lay heavily on my mind through the week. When the meeting hour arrived, I was on the spot; while others were praying

and talking, I was trembling like a poplar leaf; suddenly, I sprang upon my feet, and was very much confused, yet I made them understand that I wanted to find my long lost Saviour. When I sat down, the eyes of the wicked were upon me, but the brethren said, Amen, which encouraged me. All the way home the ungodly seemed to take great delight in blaspheming the name of God, and ridiculing religion in my presence. My heart was fixed, and I returned, praising the Lord, retired to bed, greatly blessed and comforted.— I was fully determined to press through all opposition, and make my way to Heaven. The next Saturday and Sunday evenings, I attended meetings, and bore my cross, and God gave me to know that I was out of the horrible pit, and that my feet were on the rock.

Dec. 5. Attended meeting at Mr. Sever's, and felt it my duty to pray in

public, which I had never done. I took up the cross at once, and could read my title clear. Here, I resolved never to neglect a christian duty again.

Dec. 9. Began to attend school, and went two months. Here I was very cautious to give no occasion to sinners. I read a great deal in the bible, and committed many texts to memory, seldom went out with the boys, and in all things endeavored to adorn the doctrine of Christ.

I had great trials at my boarding place. Smith would come home drunk then his wife would have a good time scolding at him. Many of the evenings were spent in playing cards with the young people as they came in. After they had urged me in vain, for a long time, to join them, I was turned upon and mocked for my religion. Mrs Smith said, that I never should be any body in the world, if I did not do as oth-

ers did. I told her, then I should never be any body. When I could not bear their insults any longer, I would go up stairs, and after getting into bed to prevent freezing, would read, pray, and write before my God alone.

Mrs. Smith attended a ball with a wicked man, took a severe cold, and it is said, never saw a well day afterwards.

She soon left her husband, returned to Winchester, N. H., and died.

In the spring, I left Smith, because I could not live with a rum barrel any longer.

God filled my heart with his love, and with a great desire to save sinners, I felt willing to do what I could.

One morning I visited Mrs. Burr, who was dying with the consumption. A few years ago, I saw her married in the Methodist meeting-house; but now ready to leave the world. Although she was a professor of religion, yet her

mind was dark, and she expressed great doubt in regard to her preparation, to meet God at the Judgement. How necessary that we enjoy the witness of the spirit, and know where we are, and what we are before God.

I tried to encourage her to look to Jesus as her only hope. I prayed with them, the cross was heavy, yet in the name of the Lord, I determined to do every duty.

I then went to Thetford hill, where I met C. D. Ingraham, a faithful preacher, who had just started for Norwich, to be gone a few days, holding meetings; he invited me to accompany him. I declined, but afterwards was sorry.— I was now out of business, and did not know where to go or what to do.— Sometimes I would think one thing, and sometimes another.

I traveled and meditated, until I reached home; by this time, I had fully made

up my mind to leave the place, and do what I felt my duty, and leave the consequences with God.

I did not tell the family that I had left Smith, but they found it out the next day at meeting, and asked me where I was going. I told them that I expected to go to the grave in a short time.

Monday morning, contrary to the advice of all, I started, not knowing where to go. The next morning, father came five miles, and offered me a horse and sleigh, which I refused, thinking it might be a burden ; he went away grieved. When I had put on my overcoat, and was just opening the door, in came Brother Ingraham, and with him, Orange Tailor ; they had heard of my strange intentions, and was determined to hinder me. At first, I would not hear a word to anything they said, finally, I began to reason, and like Eve,

lost my power to resist temptation ; I submitted to their proposals and was soon in the dark.

March 1. Tapped a sugar orchard, kept a testament with me, continued to read and pray, but felt a great burden on my mind.

I grew poor and weak very fast, so that in a short time, I could scarcely keep about. One night, I boiled sap until about 9 o'clock, then took my syrup, and was carefully walking on the snow crust, carrying it to the house, when my foot went down into the brook, and the syrup went in after it, and passed rapidly away with a great noise.

Apr. 5, 1845. Mrs. Chamberlain, one of our neighbors, died, leaving a husband and a number of children. In the evening I went down to pray with the mourners, and it was a solemn time.

Sunday, Apr. 6. Feel worse Sun-

days than at any other time. Went to meeting and heard Br. Hays preach, after which I gave a short exhortation.— When we came out of the house, Br. Hays asked me if I was ever baptized. I told him I never was, but wished to be. When I saw him again, I told him that I would be baptized the next Sabbath, giving him no chance to notify the people, that any thing uncommon was going to take place. The cross was augmented by the fact, that I was to go into the water, in the presence of my ungodly shopmates, and wicked neighbors; no one at that time would disgrace themselves to speak in favor of religion.

Saturday night I went to bed, and dreamed about being baptized till morning. I then arose without saying a word to any one, and went five miles, to the preacher's boarding place, where I found him brushing and blacking his boots,

which I thought was very much out of place ; that, with some other circumstances, made me unhappy all day.

In the meeting-house, I stood up alone, among the mocking crowd, and was asked a few questions, then repaired to a small pond of water, was baptized, and returned to the house in a severe rain, glad to get out of sight.

Monday, went home, but did not tell the family what I had been about, and they did not know it for a number of weeks.

Sunday, May 11, 1845. I arose soon as light, ate some bread and milk, before any one was up in the house.

Went eleven miles to Copperass Hill, in So. Strafford, where I met Br. Ingraham, who had an appointment at 5 o'clock, P. M. I went with him, and while on our way, he asked me to preach. This I had already anticipated, and had prepared a skeleton, on a small

piece of paper, arranging it very nice, and carefully placing it in my bible, so that no one could see it. When we arrived at the house, which was a short distance off the road, leading from So. Strafford to W. Norwich; the people were assembled, and after the introductory services, I arose and read from Eccl. 12 : 14.

I spoke a few words, then looked at my skeleton, which was written so fine that I could not readily distinguish one thing from another, then looked up at the people, who were gazing, then wished that I had not tried to preach, and after a short time set down; they all thought it was the first sermon, and I thought that it was the last; though I felt a strong impression to give out an appointment for another time, yet I dared not do it, and so went home ashamed, and burdened; felt as if I would be glad to crawl into some cave and die.

I spent most of the summer digging roots for a Doctress, and finishing Bugles for Smith. One day I went into a small pond, belonging to Mr. Childs, to gather roots, and getting a little to near his pump-logs, it riled the water which they were using in the house ; he came out in great rage, and spoke furiously, saying many hard things ; so I retired, and went there no more.

In the fall, I went to Manchester, N. H., and worked about six weeks. It was told me at the boarding house, that many young people came into the city, from the country, steady and pious, but after associating for a while with the ungodly, would become as one of them; this made me fear, and I told the boarders that I was a christian, and calculated to live before them as such, though at that time, I was far from what I ought to have been; yet I thought it most safe, to make bold and open professions, and

come up to the mark if possible. Therefore I attended many of the means of grace, and bore my cross in exhorting and praying. In a short time, I found myself living much nearer to God, than I had done for many months. The comforts of religion were all restored, and Jesus smiled upon me. I was very happy for a long time, until the great duty of preaching the gospel was again presented before me, with the sin of neglecting it any longer. I thought, I never can attempt to preach again ; at once I was in the dark, and knew not what to do.

I left Manchester and wandered into the country, thinking I should find a place to work for my board, and go to school. The first night I staid at a tavern, got up before light, and took the wrong road, which led me much out of my way. I learned my mistake about seven o'clock. I was weary and

felt discouraged, went into a house and asked for some breakfast ; the woman said that it would be ready in a few moments. I sat down on the settee, and thought of my condition, in a cold friendless world, called to preach without learning or talent, and tormented by the devil every hour in the day. After eating a very little, I went on my journey. The hollow wind was blowing, the yellow leaves falling, and here and there a flake of snow ; no singing birds were to be seen, all was desolation to me. I continued to travel until I reached home.

Dec. 12, 1845. This day I am twenty one years old, few and evil have the days of my life been ; what has passed I know, but what is before me I know not ; I deeply regret that I did not continue to preach, when I commenced last May.

Jan. 9, 1846. I have no comfort at

all, I am cast down, lonely and wretched. Oh, that I never had been born, there is no joy in the world for me.

I once knew my duty, the good spirit of the Lord kindly taught me, all was clear; but now, I am left in deep affliction, my friends cannot cheer me, nothing makes me happy. An awful judgment is before me, and perishing souls around me; what to do, or where to begin, I cannot tell.

12. Am very unwell, perhaps God is about to remove me, for my unfaithfulness; if I die I shall be lost, for, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

Feb. 19. If I could be blotted out of existence, and never remembered again, I would submit at once, for I cannot live so, much longer.

I resolve, that by the grace of God, I will take up my long neglected cross, the first opportunity. All is dark before me at present, but oh Lord! I am ready

now, hasten the day, that I may come out of this horrible pit.

March 1. Br. Ingraham sent me word, that he was at Copperass Hill, holding meetings, and wished me to come and help him. The invitation was so unexpected and sudden, that it threw me into confusion, but after a little reflection, I dared not refuse, as it might be of God ; therefore I went the same day, and attended meeting in the afternoon. In the evening we had a prayer-meeting, I talked and prayed, without any feelings or comfort. That night I put up with Br. Hubbard, and while at family prayer, I was greatly blessed, my burden of mind was removed, and my soul rejoiced in God my Saviour. The next day I went to Sharon, and while on my way, Br. Ingraham accidentally gave me a blow with the whip, just over my eye, which bled profusely, and looked bad for a week. During the day,

he said to me, you will never undertake to preach again will you? I said, it is uncertain.

Tuesday we had a prayer-meeting, and the melting power of God was in our midst, sinners came forward to be prayed for, and Jesus was present to bless the believing soul.

Thursday, Br. I. preached at Mr. Turner's, and I exhorted after him. Here I met with a young lady, in a back-slidden state, I was very much burdened on her account, and in the morning took the liberty to talk plainly to her; she wept, and promised to return to her offended God; she soon found peace, and the last I knew of her, she was walking the narrow way.

At one of our meetings, I requested an appointment to be given out for a meeting at Mr. Turner's, with a design to preach on the occasion.

When the day arrived, it rained and

everything looked discouraging. Br. Ingraham said that he did not know about my holding meetings; that I had no license, &c. I told him that I never asked for license, and never meant to, that God had called me to preach the gospel, and that I had neglected it long enough, and was determined to go forward, and do my duty, if it killed me.

When we arrived at the place of meeting, I boldly took my stand as a preacher, and went through with the exercises the best I could. I heard afterwards, that I said many sharp things; yet I had the satisfaction of hearing two backsliders confess their wanderings, and promise to return to the Lord. I went home encouraged, and praising God.

March 18. Went to Orange, and attended a prayer-meeting the next evening, where I saw S. Tarbell, for the first time. Sabbath evening I went to Br. Tarbell's house, to a prayer-meet-

ing ; when I had taken my seat, he came, and wanted me to preach ; I told him, no ; but he insisted upon it ;— thinking that I had a few skeleton's, on familiar subjects, in my pocket, I took my place by the stand, and put my hand into my pocket, but could find nothing. I was surprised, and trembled all over ; I would have given any thing, if I had not moved to the stand ; it was with much difficulty, that I could appear any ways composed. I asked a man to open the meeting with prayer, who prayed all he knew, then went over with it about three times, after which, I commenced, and took for my text, "O Lord, revive thy work." The room was well filled with my former school-mates ; many wept, and we had a solemn time. After I sat down, Br. Tarbell wished me to preach again the next night, which I did.

The next Sabbath evening, I preach-

ed in the meeting-house, from the parable of the ten virgins. I had a good season, but some thought me exceeding severe. I used these words that would best convey my meaning, whether they were rough or smooth. I was urged to stay in the place a few days and hold meetings, but did not feel at liberty, so I went away the next morning. Went to Copperass Hill, to see Br. Ingraham, and asked him to give out an appointment, at a place called New Boston, in Norwich; he was very reluctant, but finally consented to do so, and meet me there the next Sunday, which he did. We had an excellent time, many were deeply affected, and I trust that the fruit of that, and other meetings which we held in the same place, will appear in the great day, to the glory of God.

Monday, April 12. Went to New Boston, and attended meeting, also one at 5 o'clock in the Turner School-house.

This was the first time that I ever attempted to conduct a meeting alone.

14. Not a cloud to hinder the sun from shining upon the earth, and not one between me and my Saviour ; blessed be God, that at last, I am in the way of duty. My peace is like a river.

19. Attended meeting at N. Boston, two sons of wickedness, paraded themselves in the midst of the congregation, and read a newspaper a part of the time, to their own disgrace ; but in my remarks, I drew nearer and nearer to their conduct, which made them lay it aside.

26. Preached at Copperass Hill for the first time ; I spoke of the old gray headed sinner, which created a considerable breeze among some, as there was only one man in the house of that description. Stayed over night with Br. T., where I saw Ann Beede, who was under concern of mind ; but God set her soul at liberty that night ; and for

some time, she adored the doctrine of christianity ; but after a while, she married a moral young man, without religion, and soon was light and gay. May the Lord lead her back, before it is too late.

May 3. Preached at N. Boston. One young man let a dog lick his face, while Br. Ingraham was talking, which embarrassed him much ; after he sat down, I arose, and rebuked them, saying, "there has been some disturbance here this morning, owing, probably, to the presence of these *beasts*, which would be well to leave at home." I was never troubled with dogs afterwards at that place.

Sunday, 10. I have attended four or five meetings this week, and had some refreshing times. It grieves my heart to see many who profess religion, living so far beneath their privilege. Blessed be God, some are coming into per-

fect liberty. I am full of comfort, Jesus smiles upon me. I am becoming more strong, and steadfast in my christian course.

This morning I preached on C. Hill, and after meeting, the leading Methodist member, said he wished to speak to me alone, we went up the road, and he began to say, that I was too young and inexperienced, to talk so plain and harsh, and that the brethren felt hurt, and wished him to inform me of the evil that was arising from my manner of preaching. I knew him to be a man who was looked upon as a christian, and every word he spoke, was like a dagger in my heart. Br I., said, that I was shutting myself away from the brethren, and away from himself also; I told him, then good bye to all of you; for if I seek to please man, I am not a servant of God.

I am passing through some severe

trials ; yet thank God, I am on my journey home. I have a fair prospect of Heaven ; soon I shall be beyond this vale of tears. Oh Lord give me grace to work and suffer ; may I never fall.

May 31. Went to N. Boston with Br. Wm. Ingraham, an Advent preacher, and a faithful servant of God. I undertook to talk in the morning, but was completely shut up ; sat down ashamed, and wished to be out of sight at once. Accordingly, I took my books, without saying a word to any one, and started for the woods, where I prayed the Lord to show me immediately, if it was not my duty to preach. After some time I went home, and thought if any one should find fault with me, I should answer them as a young man once did, who felt it his duty to preach ; but his brethren thought not ; however, he was so intent on preaching a *trial* sermon, that they finally consented ; a day was

set, and the young man mounted the pulpit; before him was a large congregation, gathered partly out of curiosity. After the text was read, he proceeded to say: Brethren and Sisters, we learn from the text that—I say we learn from this text; the text and context, what goes before and what comes after, we learn I say—here he paused, and looking up, discovered many smiling faces, said, you needent laff so, if any of you thin it a nezy matter to preach, just come up and try.

21. Attended meeting, and heard Mr. Clark preach. He began small; but now is a powerful preacher, and greatly beloved by all who know him.

I am hardened on account of the continual opposition, which I receive from those who profess to be Christians, and who really ought to be such.—There are those in the world, who want matters of religion to go, just about so.

or not at all; if anything goes different from what their mother taught them, when they were babies, they are always greatly alarmed. Such, are worse than dead weights to any society.

We enjoyed a gradual revival most of the summer; a large number of the youth were converted, a seriousness pervaded the entire place, meetings were well attended, and the blessing of the Lord was upon us generally.

The district had the misfortune last summer, to get for a school-teacher, one of the flirting kind, who loved vain society better than the school; but this season they were determined to get one that would aid the reformation, rather than hinder it, if such an one could be found. After much inquiry, we heard of a lady in Norwich, who was said to be devotedly pious, and so forward in religious duty, that she would speak her opinion in a Congregationalist meeting.

Br. Ingraham was sent with a carriage, in search of one answering that description; after some time, she was found; but had taken a school, and kept one day. He called at the door, and told her the condition of the place, and the desire of the people to get a christian teacher. Though she did not feel as if she should meet their expectations, yet consented to go if the committee was willing. After long hesitation he gave his consent, providing Br. Ingraham would hire another teacher, which he did, the same day, and brought Jane Healy to Copperass Hill, where she commenced her school with prayer every morning, and closed by singing at night. She was untiring in her efforts to benefit her scholars, both intellectually and spiritually. All agreed, that a better school was never taught in the neighborhood; yet some thought, that so much praying was injurious to the chil-

dren; for it sat them all to praying; some became very serious, and others found the comfort of religion. Some careful professors were disturbed with sister Healy's loud praying in the meetings.

June 28. I am deeply impressed with the importance of laboring more exclusively in the vineyard of my Lord.—Sinners are living without God, and dying without hope. The fields are white and ready to harvest. I want to be clear in the day of judgment.

O Lord let me thy presence feel;
Drive darkness all away,
Come, and all thy will reveal,
Help me to watch and pray.

July 8. Preached a part of the day in Thetford. The hearts of the people seemed to be well seared, as with a hot iron.

12. Mr. P. Mason put up with Mr. Reynolds last night, and preached with us to day. Early in the morning he

sent a child to my room requesting to come down and see him, which I did ; he wanted to know if I did not wish for an exhortor's license. I told him that I did not know as it would do any harm, or any good, for I calculated to preach, whether I had lisencc or not ; that man had not called me to the work, and probably could do but little to help or hinder. The next day I received the *lisence*.

17. Went to Father's, and as I considered how kind my parents had always been to me, and the probability of our being separated at the bar of God ; I was sorrowful, and went away, leaving them preparing dinner.

19. Held meeting at C. Hill ; could not talk hardly a bit in the forenoon.— At intermission I went into a grove, and sat down discouraged, tried to pray, but could not think of words to express *my feelings* ; my heart felt hard as a

stone; I greatly desired to enjoy the presence of my Saviour, but after all, could not help feeling indifferent to every thing. I heard the wagon's rolling, and thought that the folks were all going away; yet I could not blame them, I would have given any thing, if I had dismissed the meeting for the day, when I left the house.

Soon the bell began to ring, and I thought, how could any man have courage to sound a bell for such a miserable speaker. I started for the house, and when I saw Mr. Reynolds, carrying a chair up the hill for his sick wife, I was encouraged, thinking that if he would take so much pains to have his wife attend in the afternoon, when he had heard the forenoon discourse, perhaps things were not so bad after all. Suddenly a ray of light shone into my mind, and I praised the Lord. On entering the house, I found more people

than were present in the former part of the day ; I spoke on the second coming of Christ, with great freedom. One backslider returned from his wanderings, and one the Wednesday before. so the work goes on.

Aug. 2. Preached at W. Norwich for the first time. I saw but two that I knew. After meeting I went through their midst without speaking to any one, and returned home.

3. This day has been one of interest ; my soul is refreshed, my heart is filled with the love of God ; all is calm. Jesus is daily more precious to me.

7. For a few days, I have had neither power nor liberty in prayer ; it seems as if the Lord was out of hearing. I am in doubt in regard to my duty. I feel an impression to leave this place, and travel extensively, making it my entire business to proclaim the gospel. Oh for that holiness of heart ;

for that endowment from on high ; for that mighty qualification for the ministry. Great God, unveil thy face, and raise my sinking spirit.

Aug. 8. My mind is wandering, and thoughts scattered ; I am much cast down in view of my unworthiness. I wish never to speak in public again, being destitute of all ministerial qualifications. It is a wonder how I ever dared to commence such a work. I want to be made *holy*, that I may dwell in God, *continually*.

Evening. Just returned from prayer-meeting, where I received a ray of light. Felt some interest for the sinner, and made a request for all to arise, who wanted religion. At first, none complied, which startled me, especially when I thought of meeting them in the day of eternity. I gave an exhortation corresponding with my feelings. Before I had done speaking, one arose and re-

quested prayers, but afterwards was ashamed of it, and became more rude than ever. *The awful day is coming.*

12. Warned the poor sinner once more, and gave them an opportunity to arise for prayers; a number arose for the first time, and some made confessions. I am encouraged to bear the cross of Christ.

September 7. Since the above date, I have had many good times, and many poor ones. I have had my *ups* and *downs*, sometimes in the dark, and sometimes in the light. I have long believed entire sanctification to be my high privilege, and have had some hungering and thirsting for the blessing. I heard many say, that a Camp-meeting was a first rate place to get baptized with the Holy Spirit. I learned that one was to be held in Williamstown, and sat off for the place, with my expectations raised to the highest pitch. Why ! I expected

22. Started on a tour north. Went to Hartford the first day. While on my way, I called at a barn to enquire the road. Found a few women husking corn; I worked a while, and recommended religion to them, then went on.

23. Went to Pomfret, and visited a family, where the woman was trying to be a christian; her husband was a wicked man, and while I was praying he came home, opened the door, and skuffed across the floor to the stove; I gave him a plain warning, then left for the next house, and staid all night.

24. Went to Randolph, and put up with Mr. Libby, where I stayed the next day, it being rainy.

Sunday 27. Went with Br. Tarball, to one of his appointments in Orange, where I tried to speak in the afternoon, but could not get an inch from the text. Appointed a meeting for the evening, at the "Pratt School-house," where I

my religion, and should be obliged to return home, wholly backslidden. I would not have stayed through, if I had not previously determined 'to do so.— On my way home, I felt truly forsaken, and disappointed; every thing went wrong. While I was mourning, something whispered in my ear, that, "If my faith in God, had been as strong as it was in the camp-meeting, I might have been blessed, not only at the meeting, but before I went." At once, I saw my mistake, lamented my folly, and looked to the throne of mercy, relying alone upon the merits of Christ; and soon my soul was at liberty.

18. The gospel never looked more glorious than it does to day, nor the work of saving souls, more desirable. Lord, give me grace to serve thee acceptably.

- "Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word."

goosewing, and after much pulling and twisting, I drew out a quill, which sharpened with a dull knife, then took a little ink, and carried the whole to Mother, and requested her to make A which she did, then B, and so on, until I had learned every letter, and before night could write any word I pleased.

After holding a few meetings in Orange and Washington, and seeing a few back sliders reclaimed, (one of which died about a year after happy in God and hearing some others earnestly inquiring the way to Heaven, I left.

Oct. 6. Went to Worcester, to visit a sister who lived in the back part of the town. About 9 o'clock in the evening, I went out into the pasture and knelt down near the grave of Mr. Hail, who had been dead a number of years, and while engaged in prayer, a notorious wicked man came along in the road, (he was the son of

Mr. Hall,) and on hearing a noise, he stopped to ascertain what it was ; but praying not being very common in that part of the country, he was not able.

I learned afterwards, he said that on hearing the strange noise, he was never so scared in his life, that he was so agitated he could scarcely stand, for he really thought, that his father had risen from the dead. I held one meeting in the place, and after visiting some other towns, returned to Thetford.

Sunday 18. Preached in the afternoon on C. Hill. After meeting I found many were displeased, especially the lukewarm ; they said hard things against me. Br. I., said he never felt so bad in his life, as he did to hear me preach in such a manner. I was clear before God, but greatly afflicted on account of the opposition I met.

In the evening, I attended the prayer-meeting, and found an unusual heart-

searching among the brethren. In prayer, God gave me access to his throne, and I felt dead to the world.— On our way home Br. I., said that he guessed that my sermon did them good after all.

26. Mr. Reynolds let me have a room, in the house occupied by Mr. Towns, where I commenced boarding myself.

This world is truly a vale of tears; how void of enjoyment; how empty of consolation; how destitute of all comfort. Oh, when shall I leave this house of clay! I can only pray for a spirit of resignation, and wait all my appointed time. I have a few more tears to shed; a few more sad and sorrowful hours to realize; a few more trials to endure; a little longer to face a frowning world.

"I am a lonely traveller here,
Weary, oppressed."

Nov. 1. Br. Ingraham said, that the people at "Union Village" did not want to hear him preach, and also, that he had no liberty in trying to speak in that place, and wished me to go with him. I knew that many of the Methodists there had rather see any thing in the pulpit than myself ; this fact only made me the more bold ; I tormented them all day, by pouring upon their naked consciences the *red hot* truth. The Lord gave me great freedom of speech. Br. Mason once declared concerning that place, that he would not preach to a church which was built on a rum hog's-head ; that he would either preach rum out of them, or preach them out of the church. Father Wells was sent there on one occasion to preach ; who, after standing in silence for some time, and looking around, said, I see a great many red faces here, tut, tut, brethren, that will never do.

Nov. 3. Mr. Town said, that he wanted me to move my things away immediately, for he could not, nor would not endure so much loud praying. I said but little, but was sad. At noon he told me to stay as long as I pleased. Mr. Town was a peculiar man in many respects. He died in California, leaving an excellent wife, and a little daughter.

● One wave of trouble after another, beats upon me, yet my trust is in the Lord. About this time the school closed, and sister Healy returned to her Mother's house. She ever stood by me in all my trials, was a woman of deep experience, well calculated to impart religious instruction, and consolation to all who needed it; modest and retiring in her manners, plain in her dress, incessant at the altar of prayer, and faithful in every religious duty. I remembered for a long time, her last kind look, as we bade each other farewell.

Sunday 15. Attended meeting at W. Norwich. Br. Harding, the Presiding Elder, wanted me to go to Athens, and preach with Br. House, through the winter. I knew not what to say, and gave no answer until the next morning, when I consented to go.

Dec. 1. I started on a journey of sixty miles, among entire strangers. None but those who have had similar trials, can know my feelings. Stayed on Hanover plain, N. H., the first night with A. Beede. The next day, it snowed and rained alternately until night, and I travelled to Cornish, and put up at a filthy tavern. Early in the morning, went to Windsor, Vt., and stayed till the next day; then hired my passage in the stage, to B. Falls. I rode with a profane gang all day; was glad to quit their society, on arriving at the Hotel. When I had sat by the fire a few minutes, I was almost crazy, on ac-

count of a continual itching, occasioned by a flannel under-shirt, which I had lately put on; I called for a room, and dismissed it at once. More than a month afterwards I was in agony whenever became warm, either by night or day.

Went to Br. House's, who was glad of some help, though it might be even so poor.

Sunday 6. Preached in Athens for the first time; when about half way through, my skeleton dropped from the bible, and went sailing out among the congregation; after some time I got it and went on again; so much for depending on a piece of paper.

9. Preached as well as I could: two arose for prayers; the Lord seems to be among the people. Stayed over night with Br. Barnes. Sister B. pitied me for my bashfulness, and was a mother to me all the time that I was on the circuit.

12. Went to Brookline, and was so diffident, that I could scarcely look at any body. I borrowed a pair of green glasses to wear, in order that I might look folks in the face, without their knowing it.

27. Of late, I have held meetings most of the time, and visited from house to house; have waded through drifts of snow, travelled in the storm, and been coolly received by some; have seen many enquiring souls, weeping eyes, and rejoicing saints. God is my helper, in Him I trust. A little dictionary which sister Healy gave me, my Bible, and Wesley's Sermons are my chief study.

I am tired of so much company, am obliged to do my reading while walking the road, or in some cold room. If it was only warm weather, I would go where I should not hear so many bawling children. I find but few who have

the *nack* of keeping order in their families.

31. My mind was dark for some reason, I know not what ; I tried to pray, but had no feelings. The devil told me that I had better give up and go home ; I said, no, I will serve God the best I can, if I go to hell at last.

In the evening, attended a watch-meeting at Brookline, and the Lord was among us ; I preached the first sermon, after which, we had a powerful prayer-meeting, some spoke that never did before, and all felt the divine presence. Br. House preached an excellent sermon, and we all returned home refreshed, and joyful in heart. The devil did not present himself among us. I suppose that he attended the *ball*, at a tavern about ten rods from our meeting.— Oh, how good the Lord is to me ; I have reason to humble myself before *him*. After our meeting broke up, I cast

my eye towards the chamber of sin; and felt solemn, to think that the youth were so thoughtlessly dancing their way to hell.

Jan. 7, 1847. It rained all day: in the evening I went to my appointment at So. Athens, while it thundered and lightened fearfully. I spoke to about ten persons, on the *Judgment*: we had a solemn time.

Sunday, 10. Arose in the morning, and looked my bible through for a text, but could find none: however, I was obliged to go to meeting; preached quite decent in the forenoon, but in the afternoon it was poor enough; I wound up as soon as it would do, and went away feeling rather poor. In the evening, went to the meeting and sat down to meditate upon my condition. The folks kept coming in, until the house was most full. I was surprised to see many, who attended my day meeting;

for I had no idea that they would come again. After sermon, some s and some arose for prayers. Many ed me to come again the same we knew not but they were mocking seeing I had made out so poor thr the day. I had many invitations to ing; but as it was not convenie be in only one place at a time, of co I denied some.

14. ~~Attended~~ donation at Br. i bins', did not enjoy it at all throug day, the people were coming and g continually; it was

Donation, clutter, clutter,
A little pork, a little butter,
A little meal, a little cheese.
A little of every thing you please.

In the evening I had a good preaching to the youth; one start the Heavenly way. •

15. I was happy, and went to appointment at So. Athens, praising aloud, where I found Br. House; he

his seat where he could look me directly in the face, which embarrassed me at first ; but soon I lost the fear of man, and preached from, "Why will ye die?" The School teacher arose and said, that it was no time for him to dally, and requested an interest in the prayers of christians : he was soon converted, and now is a preacher of the gospel. Blessed be God for his wonderful works.— Staid over night with Br. Oliver Perham. A great change has come over that family since. About two years ago, one of his sons died with the fever. A few weeks before, he was at a camp-meeting in Putney, and was earnestly entreated by his pious Father, to give his heart to God ; but he refused. His Father then went to Br. Aspinwall, the Presiding Elder, and with tears in his eyes, asked him to talk with his son, which he faithfully did, and invited him to go forward to the altar

of prayer; he still refused, and in a few weeks was in the grave. In his last hours, some thought that he found pardon, but it is very doubtful, sick bed conversions are very unsound, generally. His brother was thought to be past recovery, and also that he had experienced religion; but when health returned, he was as deep in sin as ever. In a few days, Br. Perham left the world praising God; he was the main pillar in the Church at Athens.

Not long after, Sister Perham died in the Lord: thus the family is broken up, and the children scattered; may they so live, as to meet their dear parents in the better world.

Feb. 7. I preached in Athens all day, and lodged with L. D., he has more than power.

8. Stayed with Mr. W., a Universalist: he got mad, and raved like a woman; he is now dead: it was thoug

that his confidence in universalism, was much shaken in his last moments. Beware, O man ! lest you fall where no arm can save you.

The next day, I went to see Br. House, and on my way, called on Mr. O. I asked him if he enjoyed religion, he said no, but thought that he was as good as his neighbors. I told him that he ought to be careful for the interest of his soul ; he replied, that he was not sure whether men had souls or gizzards, but rather thought they had nothing but gizzards after all. I found him so inconsistent that I soon left, thinking, although he might have a *gizzard*, yet I was sure every body else had souls.

14. Preached at N. Townsend, and lodged with Mr. S. The woman had more tongue than *brains*, her religion seemed to be all in her mouth.

March 9. Went to Putney to a Quar-

terly meeting, and had a good season. Since the above date, I have been having meetings most of the time; I had many refreshing seasons; I have seen some good done, and hope more is done which is not seen. Blessed God for the consolations of experimental religion. My soul is drawn out meditating upon the boundless love of God. His watchful care has ever been over me; I am blessed in lying down and rising up. What shall I render the Lord for all his goodness.

11. Went to a School-house and built a fire, hoping to be free from much noise, and company.

I am exceeding lonely most of the time, I cannot bear to stop in any place longer than is absolutely necessary. I have no one to share my joys or sorrows. Many a day, I have shut myself away in some barn, or school-house to weep, read, and pray. I shall get through.

20. Held a meeting where three persons confessed, and took a new start for Heaven.

24. Stayed with Br. Dyer last night. His wife has lately come into the light; they have a family of well behaved children, which is a rare thing these days.

O that I may improve my days,
As God would have me do ;
Be meek and humble in my ways,
And conversation too.
Here, lonely hours compass me round,
And Satan rages too,
Temptations are on every hand ;
With foes I have to do.
But in that brighter world on high,
Where saints immortal dwell,
My gospel trump will be lain by,
And devils bound in hell.

April 21. Went to Newfane, and bought some cloth for a coat, and called at a Tailor's shop to have it cut ; the man was very important, and answered my questions, just as if I had no business to speak in his presence, so I left

him, and went to Townshend, where I found a christian, who done my work to order. He was a lame man, meek and agreeable, both in his conversation and manners; I thought, does religion make this difference between the two Tailors? if it does, give it to me for my portion forever. After the coat was cut, I started with it for the south part of Athens, when within two miles of the place where I designed to stop, being in a hurry, I thought I could save a little by going across. I soon became bewildered, and was led over hills, through vallies, and all the while in the wrong direction. After a number of hours of hard labor, I came into a road near Brookline, and soon was set right again. I almost broke my ankle, and met with many inconveniences, while wandering in by and forbidden places. From *this* I learned to go the way I *knew* to *right*, and not trust to uncertainty *either* in spiritual or temporal mat

'25. Went to Brattleboro'. I had been annoyed so much the past winter, with squeaking clocks, I purchased a bottle of clock oil, calculating to *stop that noise*, occasionally ; I also bought a few small tools.

About this time I returned to Thetford. On Athens circuit I saw, and experienced much of the goodness of God.

The Presiding Elder wished me take another circuit after conference, which I was willing to do, but being most out of money, and having no way to get any, I thought I would try the clock business a few days.

One morning I put my tools into a little trunk, and started out as a clock repairer, I enquired at every house from Thetford to the west pond in Strafford, but found nothing to do, began to be discouraged, and thought of leaving the business. About noon, I went into a house, and the man was in a great strait.

to have his clock fixed ; I looked at it but never saw such an one before ; I hesitated a moment ; it was no time to back out ; so I took it down, and as the family were all gone except the man, and he went out to ploughing, I had grand chance to look it over ; I was very careful to observe where every wheel went, and which side up they stood. After learning what I could, and repairing what was necessary, I put it up, and it ticked regular and nice, as I was proud of being the first one. The rest of the day I had good luck, received about two dollars, the next day as much more, and so on.

May 3, 1847. Went to Manchester N. H., and visited my sister Betsey from thence to Boston, then back to Manchester ; by this time my money was rather low again.

9. Started for Athens, on foot, finished all the way.

11. Earned two dollars and stayed all night in Antrim, with Silas Hardy, found good entertainment.

Saturday 12. Went to Stoddard and stayed till Monday, attended meeting on the Sabbath.

18. Arrived at Athens, and made thirteen dollars on my way. I have received my appointment, which is on Wardsboro circuit. I have been doing so well in money matters, I began to hope that I should not be required to travel a circuit this year; but I must go, which makes me feel solemn. I hardly feel fit to deal in sacred things; I wish to be in the way of duty, for I am sure that *Heaven* must be better than *Hell*.

If I'm ashamed my cross to bear,
While in this world I stay,
A Crown of life I cannot wear,
In yonder blissful day.

24. Went to Wardsboro, and found Br. Charles Kellogg, the preacher in

charge, whom I never had seen before; I went into the house and sat down lonesome enough; I almost feared to tell him who I was, thinking he might say, that he wanted no such dejected preacher to labor with him; however, I made myself known the best I could. Br. Kellogg and his wife were always very kind to me.

I then went to Stratton, and put up with Br. Pike, a good Anti-slavery christian. The next day he went with r to see some of the members. I felt ceeding bad all the time, but appea as natural as possible. Gave out first appointment at Stratton Schoolhouse. The next morning I early, in a dark state of mind, and into the potatoe field, knelt down old root, and prayed to God for ance, from the scourge of the The Lord heard my prayer, d enemy away, and I returne

house happy in my soul ; I felt willing to *do*, or *be*, any thing, that I might finish my course with joy.

On the Sabbath, I preached to more than could get into the house, from, " Many are called but few are chosen."

At 5 o'clock, preached at the Centre.

During the week, I visited Br. N. Howe, who has been an itinerant preacher for twenty years. His wife enjoys the blessing of Sanctification. She gave me some light on the subject. O that I had it, how much more useful I might be.

After this, I went to Rossen Ville, in Jamaica, where I put up with a Methodist family. They had just religion enough, to each of them hold a child two or three years old, to avoid kneeling in time of prayer ; this practice is getting quite fashionable. There are a great many stiff knees among professors of religion now-a-days ; perhaps the

salve of humility might do them *some* good.

The next day was excessively warm, and I went to Londonderry to see Br. I. but as he had gone, I called on a Methodist Preacher, calculating to stay until the next day, as I was tired, and it being a number of miles to any place where I was acquainted. When I told him how I was disappointed in not finding Br. I. he remarked, "Well Brother, you had better not return until just at night, when it becomes cooler; when I went to the door, he said again, "If I had a horse I would carry you a piece." I thought that he wished to get rid of me, so I went to Landgrove, and put up with an unbeliever, and fixed his clock to pay him for my lodging.

July 9. Went to Jamaica, and put up with Mr. Robinson, gave out my appointment in School, and commenced *studying my discourse.*

10. Went to a back lot, and stayed in an old shed all day, picked some strawberries for dinner, and had a good time.

11. Preached in the neighborhood, to a large number of people, where I found most all destitute of saving grace.

17. Preached in Rossen Ville, to a house full, had a class at noon, of about twenty-five; many of them were well adorned with artificial flowers, and other ornaments. I preached some out of the class, while others laid aside their posies.

Some were pleased, and others were offended. I do not know how Methodist parents can adorn themselves and their children with ornaments, which are not only forbidden by their Discipline, but also by *God's Word*.

The time has been, when people were *convicted*, before they were *converted*; and when converted, a change was vis-

ible in their whole course of conduct but how is it now? Why, some are even *urged* to say that they *feel better* that they *think* God has blessed them and thus, they are comforted without being saved; and in a few weeks, are seen walking in the old paths of sin and are *called* backsliders. No man with eyes and sense, need be urged to say, that he *thinks* himself free from pain, or that he can see the light. So no person, who is truly converted to God, is under the least necessity, of having another tell them, that their sins are pardoned, and they accepted in the sight of Heaven. Some are more zealous to get people into the Church, than to get them to Glory. It may be to belong to a church; it is also to have the name registered on the first.

One day, as I was going to the part of Jamaica, I called on R

Classleader, who has lately given up family worship; and I thought, sure enough, a blind leader of the blind.

Another time, as I was travelling in the road, I saw a man near by, mowing, and asked him, if he was cutting his way through this unfriendly world to the promised rest? he replied no, and did not believe it necessary to trouble himself about the future. I exhorted him to seek the Lord with all his heart, as he might be called *soon*, to give up his account; not long after that, he went after a load of wood, and was killed instantly, by the falling of a tree. In life we are in the midst of death.

One day I took dinner where there was a vain young lady, with a number of rings on her fingers. I asked her, if she supposed, that her friends would take the rings from her fingers, when she was in the coffin; she blushed, and replied, that she did not know. About

a year from that time, she was called away by death; but I was told, that she died in the Lord.

As I was going across the lot one day, to put up with a Methodist man, found him getting in hay, very happy with a rum jug in a cool shade; and may be, he had taken a little during the day, for that night, he was taken with a fit, and about midnight I heard a voice calling out, O! Mr. Camp! get up quick, for my husband is dying. I went into his room, and found him in a wretched state, and said, *rum / done this.*

The next day I called on a professor of religion, and asked him to say something towards buying a tent. He said hard things about Camp-meetings and talked so unbecomingly, that I rebuked him, if he got his religion at a camp-meeting, he said no. I then asked if he lost it at a camp-meeting;

he became irritated, and I left him to his own reflections.

One Sabbath, as I was going to meeting, I found, when most there, I was too early, so I went over a bank, a little out of sight, and after praying, began to talk over what I intended to say to the people; when I came in sight of the road, I saw a man and woman, stopping to hear the discourse, I went on, and found a house full of folks, to whom I preached with freedom, while many were in tears. At intermission, one woman took the flowers from her bonnet.

At 5 o'clock the same day, I preached at Bond Ville, and after meeting was informed that a preacher was present, who had told the people that I could not prosper in that Town, because I introduced myself so strangely among them, by posting up written notices on the fence, trees, mill-logs, &c. In a

short time he lost his influence, and moved away. My meetings were thronged with people, and some good was done all around. God owned my feeble labors to some extent, and let me know that I did not labor altogether in vain.

Aug. 23. Yesterday I attended meeting at North Wardsboro, where a minister and his wife talked to me severely for not dressing better. I told them that I dressed as well as my *money purse* and *conscience* would admit. I went away sorrowful, and thought for a while, that I would wear better clothes but my mind became dark, and I altered my intention, thinking that the favor of God was better than that of man. I have no doubt, but what my brethren are as good, or better than myself; yet I cannot in conscience, act as they do, neither do I expect them to conform to me. My trials will soon be ended.

I want to be more humble, more meek, and more mild,
More lowly in heart, and more like a child.

27. Have been refreshed while visiting from house to house. Some are living near to God, while others are tardy in their christian course. I found one family very much backslidden, although they had left the church in order to keep out of *hell*. The woman said, that she had mostly given up vocal prayer, and thought mental prayer was better. How dangerous to reason with the *enemy*. After I left this place I went into the woods and sat down by a brook, and wrote thus :

How cool and refreshing, is my stay by this stream,
While sweetly meditating on Jesus my theme,
An old, aged log, does well for a seat.
My carpet, are pebbles which lay at my feet.

28. I feel a gentle settling into God's will ; there is peace in believing.

Glory be to God on high,
I'll sing his praise until I die,
And after death, forever more,
I'll sing on Canaan's happy shore.

Sept. 1. I helped make a tent ; everything was in regular confusion, or else it was all in myself. When a man is drunk he thinks everything is drunk ; the trees reel, and the fences run ; a backslider looks upon all as backsliden

6. Last Friday I went to Winhal and put up with a man who gave me some good milk, and a little sour, mouldy bread, for my supper ; being hungry I ate as well as I could, asking no questions. Although they professed to be Methodists, I could not get one of them to kneel in time of prayer. Lord have mercy on such. From thence, I went to see a man who was a class-leader and once preached the gospel ; he now conformed to the world, and wanted to be rich.

Sunday morning. Br. Packard from Jamaica, who has preached times and we went to meeting. *we had* good attention.

7. Bought a horse of Br. Howard, for forty-five dollars. He said when I took it, that he thought a horse would be a burden to me, rather than a help, for if there should come a drifting time, I should be under the necessity of hiring it kept, which would cost considerable. My soul was grieved, and I thought, that if I was among a people, who required a poor preacher to labor for mere nothing, and charge him for horse-keeping, I had better be off; and I told him so.

Br. S., said, that St. Paul did not have a horse, and he did not think that I ought to burden the brethren with one; I told him that the world was my field, and that if I spent my time in preaching the gospel, I should try to find folks who had *souls*. Immediately left the place, and sent back word, that I should come in about two weeks, and preach to them for the last time, unless

I found things different. When evening arrived, I left my horse in Stratton, and went in the rain to the appointment, and found the house crowded. I preached from, "Quench not the Spirit. After meeting, the people huddled around me, and with one consent, entreated me not to leave them, saying, that in my absence, they had drawn up a paper and enough was signed to pay me my whole claim; also, that the two men who had talked grudgingly, were sorry and that all the folks would be glad to keep me, and my horse, as long as I was willing to stay. I preached with them through the year, with a great deal of pleasure. I found a good home with Br. Shepherd's family; his wife is a strange woman, yet very kind; I shall never forget, how untiringly she watched over me, when I was once sick at their house.

Although Br. Sage did not belong

to any church, yet he was very good to me, I was always welcome with his family; his wife was a heavenly minded woman; she lived near to God; I was always comforted, and encouraged by her conversation. She died in peace, and may her three daughters, strive to meet her in Heaven. Many others were very kind.

I well recollect that the first time I was ever in this neighborhood, I went along the street singing,

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee; &c.

Mrs. Hines looked out at their door, and when she saw me carrying my trunk, she pitied me because I was among strangers, and sent her little girl, desiring that I would come back and stop with her family a few days.

12. Went to Camp-meeting, and on my way, called at East Townshend, and found my watch mended, and a

dollar charged, but as I did not have money enough to pay, I left it.

We had an excellent meeting; many were converted, and some reclaimed.

One young lady, was almost in despair for three days; she found peace, and returned home; her father threatened to turn her out of doors; may the Lord give her grace to endure all things.

Saturday, we took the parting hand, and it was a solemn time. The next day, I preached in Stratton, and in the class-meeting, requested all that would pray twice a day, for four weeks, for clean hearts, and a revival of God's work, to arise; all arose except one.

26. Last Thursday our grove meeting commenced at Jamaica. Some good was done. On Friday I preached, and displeased some. Saturday, went to No. Townshend, and held a meeting in the evening; a few came forward to the altar, and desired to be prayed for.



I often think, that I would like to have some one to sympathize with me, when all worn down with excessive labor. I love God and his cause, and feel saved from my sins; yet, somehow I am very lonely.

I would not live always, I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm, rises dark o'er the way.

Oct. 22. Of late, my time has been taken up in preaching, praying, and visiting; I have had many precious seasons, and have passed through many trying scenes.

Last Saturday, I went to Jamaica, and tried to preach, but felt miserably. Before me, Br. Spencer, a man of God, travelled this circuit, and some of the people, think more of him, than they do of their Saviour; I hear a great deal of unnecessary talk about him every where; I have Br. Spencer for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Nov. 14. Not long since, I stayed at

a place, where the man was backslid-
den, and would swear like an infidel. 
tried to show him his awful condition
he saw where he was, and is now hap- 
py in a Saviour's love.

15. Preached in Stratton, some were
offended, and stayed away in the after-
noon. I took for my text, "he that
hath ears to hear let him hear." I told
them, first, that they must not come in
the afternoon, to hear a morning's ser-
mon. (Some were late.) Secondly, hear
attentively, fold the newspapers, and
lay aside the books, (some were read-
ing,) and be careful and not get to sleep;
also, keep a smooth face, and not whis-
per until meeting is out. Thirdly, hear
with a teachable disposition; some are
so wise, that they cannot learn any
thing. Fourthly, hear with self appli-
cation, and not be so benevolent, as to
give it all to your neighbor.

December 30. I have preached from

ten to twenty-five times in a month, for a long time ; I seldom stay more than one or two nights in a place, and come around once in about four weeks. The Lord has dealt bountifully with me, yet I do not see all that good done, which I could wish.

I have many discouragements, and sometimes doubt whether I am called to preach.

One night I dreamed, that I was travelling across a battle field, with Mr. Wesley ; the balls went every side of us, but we were not injured, nor afraid. I saw many slain, and some dying. I asked Mr. Wesley, why the Methodists did not prosper as in days past ; he said, that the Ministers were not right ; that many *ran* before they were *sent* ; I told him, that I was one of them, and calculated to stop soon, he hushed me with a rebuke, and I awoke, with the impression, to keep about my business, and doubt no more.

Jan. 5. Visited my Father's family in Thetford.

7. Started for my circuit again, and put up with Mrs. Baley, in Hartford.— I fixed her clock, and had a good visit with the children ; I layed in a cold room, and nearly froze before morning ; got up as soon as a fire was built, and was sick all day. Went to Hartland. I never shall forget the last hill which I ascended, before coming to the village ; I had liked to have fallen in the road ; my strength was all gone. With much difficulty, I reached the house of Mr. A. Smith, a Methodist preacher, who was unknown to me. I knocked at the door ; a large woman, with black eyes, came and opened it ; and I said, it is Saturday night, and as I do not wish to travel on the Sabbath, I called to enquire, if I could be accommodated here until Monday morning ; she, not *knowing* who, or what I was, replied,

oh yes, you shall be welcome to our fare, walk in. The way that she spoke, was as the healing balm to my, soul and body. I remained there four days, and received the kindest attention. One day while at Mr. Smith's, I felt very lonely, and went into my room to pray ; while on my knees, I was suddenly impressed, to write to Jane Healy. I had not heard from her for about eighteen months. Previous to this time, I never had a thought of trying to get her for a wife ; and now I did not know but she was married, or if she was not, I had but little idea that she would have me. I thought much about this matter until Spring; but the cross appeared so great, I did not write.

16. Preached in Jamaica. My clothes were so poor, that the people were ashamed of me, and went to work and got me some that were better.

March 5. Wrote a letter to my sister Betsey, who worked in Manchester, N. Hampshire, saying :—

Take care your health and money too,
Be wise in all you say or do ;
Above all things, lay up on High,
A treasure that shall never die.
Things of earth, they pass away ;
All are subject to decay ;
The owned and owner soon shall be
Forever in ETERNITY !
When I think of that dread day,
That is not far from us away,
Oh, how I wish that you might share,
Salvation here, and meet me there ;
Where not a wave shall ever roll,
To grieve the true believer's soul ;
But all is peace forever more,
On Canaan's bright and happy shore.

28. Left the circuit for Thetford ;
intending to find Jane Healy if I could.
I fixed clocks all the way. One night
I found myself in Pomfret, very tired,
and without a place to lodge. I en-
quired for Methodists, and soon called
on a family ; but of course they were
sick, and according to custom, sent me

to the next house, where I asked for accommodations, but was refused. I felt bad, and went out of doors, and began to pray ; they then desired me to tarry. After I had paid my bill in the morning, I told them that I was a poor Methodist preacher, sent out among strangers, to call sinners to repentance. They being Methodists, began to make some apologies.

While at Thetford, I was called in to see Mary P., who was near the gate of death ; she was unconverted, and clinging to life ; I tried to show her the danger of her condition, and point her to Jesus ; but she hoped to live, and made but little effort for salvation.

April 7. I called again to see the dying girl ; her eyes were rolling in every direction, and her distress of mind was awful ; at one time she started up, and exclaimed, " I shall die ? I am not ready !" While she was pite-

ously moaning, her mother asked, *are* you in pain my child? No, mother, she replied, not my body, but my mind; in a few hours she closed her eyes. How dreadful to die without hope.

The next Sabbath, she was buried in the cold grave. The young man who drove the hearse on the occasion, was carried in it the next Sabbath to the same place. How uncertain is life. O get ready.

After praying with the afflicted family, I went to Strafford. At this time, I had made up my mind to return to my field of labor, without making any enquiry concerning Jane; I thought the prospect was so small, that I might as well give it up, first as last. While on my way to Strafford, I saw a man from Copperass Hill, and asked him about the people, the state of religion, &c., *finally*, I enquired if the school had

commenced, he said it had ; I then asked, who taught, it, he replied, " Sister Healy." I was very much surprised, but said no more. When I returned, I made it in my way to go over Copperass Hill, and hold a meeting. I put up with Br. Allard ; one of the little girls, ran into the school and said, *Br. Camp has come !* After the school closed, Jane came into Br. Allard's, and we were glad to see each other, after being so long absent. I felt very small in her presence, and my courage failed me ; therefore I went away without doing my errand, and felt burdened.

9. It being Sunday, I attended meeting in Thetford, and preached in the evening at Copperass Hill ; while at Br. Allard's, I asked Jane for her writing materials, when I wrote the following :

April 9, 1848.

Sister Healy : I must do my duty, however crossing it may be. Last Jan-

uary, one morning, while on my knees engaged in prayer, it was suddenly suggested to my mind, that I ought to see a certain lady, for the purpose of introducing a most important subject, which was then spread before my mind; but as I was not fully satisfied that I was rightly influenced, I have put off doing anything about it until the present; in days past, I have thought that I was influenced by the spirit of God, when in fact, I was not, and it may be so in the present case.

But surely, there can be no harm, in unburdening my own soul, at this time. Being desirous to have this whole matter forever settled, I beg leave to propose two questions:

First, Are you engaged to any person?

Secondly, Would you change your present condition?

I received no reply until the next

morning. That night, I dreamed that a little girl came running in, and said to me, "Do you know that sister Healy is going to be married." I replied, no, and felt deeply disappointed.

In the morning I received the following :

Br. Camp, I was surprised on reading the few lines which you handed me, and will reply, that I am not engaged to any person, also that I have no desire to change my condition, unless I can thereby glorify God.

I then handed her the following :

I am glad that you are determined to do nothing without the divine approval. I wish to ask one question more.

Will the Lord permit you to become my companion, and with me, share the joys and sorrows of life, while laboring in the vineyard of Christ? After you are fully persuaded what is your duty, please give me an answer. I have now

done *my duty*, and shall leave all *the* results with God. Farewell.

10. Preached at Mr. P.'s where Mary died; we had a solemn time, six or seven arose for prayers; some were soon converted.

11. Set out to return South. About 3 o'clock, I began to give out for a meeting at the next school-house; after visiting a few families, I went to the meeting, and preached to a house full; all were strangers to me and seemed surprised at my behavior.

April 23. I was invited to hold a meeting in the Congregationalist house, at Jamaica, where the Methodists seldom go; I accordingly went, and found a large number of people, who had come to see and hear the *strange preacher*. On ascending the pulpit, I felt timid, but when I thought of the Judgment, my courage revived, and I spoke *the best I could*; perhaps there was not

so much system in my discourse, as they had been used to hearing, but they had it *warm*, I dare say.

While all agreed that I was sincere, many supposed that I was crazy. At one time I was gone a few weeks from the circuit, and on returning, I found a current report that I was confined at Brattleboro' Hospital. Lord keep me from evil.

Jesus lived a life of pain,
And died upon the tree ;
That I, his favored love might gain,
And live devout to Thee.

May 8. I am conscious that I am in the way of duty, as far as my labors are concerned ; but whether I ought to be so much confined to one place, or travel more at large, is with me a question. I want to preach to all, out doors or in.

When I read the writings of Mr. Wesley, Mr. Carvasso, and Mr. Bramwell, I see that they enjoyed some-

thing which I have not ; this makes me uneasy ; I want the full blessing of perfect love. My christian experience is not even ; I am either full of joy and courage, or filled with fear and sorrow. I know there is a better place for me.

O for an entire consecration to God ! My bretheren in the ministry do not seem to be very anxious about holiness of heart ; it is seldom that I hear them converse or preach upon the subject.

I went to see the Presiding Elder the other day, and told him my convictions for holiness ; he coolly replied that holiness was a very good blessing but that it was not always the mark of holy men that done the most good, and that he did not think it necessary to be troubled about it any way, that he had known greater revivals, under the labors of those who did not enjoy much religion as some others.

I went away, and could use the

language of John, "miserable comforters are ye all."

9. This has been a good day to me ; being lame, I stayed at Mr. Howard's, and read the life of Carvasso ; at one time while reading where he speaks of *simple faith*, I was greatly encouraged, and was determined to be the Lord's, *and do all his will*, whether I was happy or miserable.

That moment I felt a strange warmth kindling up around my heart, I felt as light as a feather ; I did not have raptures of joy, but a solid settling into God. Jesus was to me the chief among ten thousands. I wanted to go immediately out among the neighbors, and tell what a *new* glory I had discovered in the Gospel. I wondered what I had been about all my days, that I had not found so good a place before.

When I opened the Methodist hymn-

book it was all new; full of meaning; the Bible was new: and the whole creation seemed renewed before me; every thing was blessing and praising God. Blessed be God, for a new ray of heavenly light, to brighten up my way to Glory.

13. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

I have of late, more *power*, more *life*, more *faith*, and a greater degree of love; I see it my duty to grow in grace daily, to sink lower in humility, and rise higher in holiness. My peace is like a river; my confidence is strong in Christ; Jesus has become all, and in all, to me.

Preached in the evening at Mr. Wilder's. Their daughter is sick of consumption, and will soon die. Last Monday I saw her for the first time since

she has been afflicted ; she was a wanderer from God ; I entreated her to return without delay, and endeavored to show her, how unfaithful she had been to her best friend, and the danger she was then in ; she was indifferent, and would not promise to pray. In a few days I called again, and found her more serious, she promised to pray before she closed her eyes that night, and wished me to pray for her. She soon found peace, and died in the Lord.

16. Received a letter from my sister Betsey, who writes as follows :—

“I trust that God has pardoned all of my sins ; the two last weeks, have been the best of my life ; I am determined to live a humble christian, and meet you in Heaven.” What shall I render to the Lord for his rich grace, and tender mercy ; truly he has heard my prayer, and given me the desire of my heart. A few years ago, I left the

family all behind, and steered my course Heavenward, choosing rather to land in Glory alone, than to sink to *Hel* with my relations. May God keep this dear child humble at his feet.

17. Thank Heaven, the ship sailed well. Faith puts every enemy to flight and leaves the humble soul in possession of celestial joys. Faith waits not for feelings, but lays hold of all the promises of God, and claims them as by right, through the atoning merits of Christ. Faith fans up the flame of holy love, and keeps it ever burning up on the altar of the heart. Faith strongly binds the soul to Christ, and keeps it humble at his feet. And blessed to God, faith overcomes the world, and then all goes well.

About the last of June, 1848, having finished my labors on Wardsboro circuit, I attended the Conference which *was held at Barre*, and on my way,

called at Copperass Hill, where I found Jane, in good health, and thinking favorably of my proposals.

After Conference, I held meetings in various places, and had some profitable times.

Aug. 19. Travelled to Royalston, and put up notices for meetings the next day in two places.

20. Fulfilled my engagements, and hope for good.

27. Preached in Chester with Br. Ingraham. At 5 o'clock, we both preached from one text ; he explained one part, and I the other ; the people thought strange, but God was in our midst.

28. Br. Ingraham was called to preach a funeral sermon ; he arranged his subject, while we were on our way to the place ; we were scarcely seated, when the old man appeared and addressed him as follows :

What are you so late for ? you agreed

to be here at the time. I have a text for you ; if God has called you to preach, you can explain it to me ; I dont want you to talk about Moses and the Prophets, but preach from the text. Br. Ingraham was embarrassed, and although the text was not at all suitable for the occasion, yet he preached a good discourse to the satisfaction of all.

Sept. 10. Preached at Weston ; and on seeing many people, in the lazy position of leaning on their pews, I prayed, that God Almighty would keep the folks awake, after this I noticed that they sat straighter.

One preacher, on seeing many of his congregation asleep, stopped short in the midst of his discourse, and cried, *fire ! fire !* the sleepers sprang on to their feet, and screamed out, *where ? where ?* the Preacher replied, in *hell*, and you going there fast asleep.

Sept. 13. Preached at a Camp-meeting

in Townshend, from, "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see."

17. Heard a Methodist Minister *read*, instead of preach; if he has come to that, I think he had better give up the business. In the evening, I preached in Peru, in a back place; some agreed to seek the Lord. I never felt more confidence to draw near to the Lord in my life.

Oct. 4. I am preaching most every day, while many are blessed, numbers are offended; last night while returning from meeting, a pumpkin was thrown against me, which nearly broke my back; mud flew around, and upon me, all the way to my lodgings. "Father forgive them." I am willing to bear any thing, only let me finish my course with joy.

Nov. 20. Last evening, I heard a cool discourse, in Chester, after which, I arose, and tried to make the people feel

that they were going to the *judgment*. When I was getting my horse, a man came to me in the dark, weeping, and said, that he was a poor backslider, and unprepared for the *judgment*; and wished me to pray for him; I pointed him to Jesus, and went my way.

23. Visited a few families, and found some who were on their way to Heaven; and others, who were enquiring for the narrow path; preached in the evening to a house full. Glory to God for pure religion.

26. Preached in Chester, from, "what seek ye." I spoke upon *sanctification*, had but little liberty, and when I sat down, something whispered, that nothing was accomplished; but I could thank God that I had *tried* to do something. One woman arose, and said that she had been encouraged by the discourse, to seek for more purity of heart. *The next day* I called at her house, and

found her in great distress of mind, seeking for *holiness*, and entreating her daughter to become a christian ; she was soon set at liberty.

In December following, having corresponded with Jane Healy for a few months, I thought that I would just go to the north and see her ; I arrived at her Mother's in Peacham, in the evening, and found Jane with an old dress on, doing up the work, which I thought was a good recommendation.

Nothing was said about marrying until the next evening, when we sat down, and candidly talked the matter all over, and wrote the *publishment*.

The next day I left, and after travelling through, Newbury, Bradford, Thetford, Norwich and Tunbridge, holding meetings, and transacting some other business, I returned to Peacham. While on my return, I called at Newbury, and put up with Br. Williams ; in the eve-

ning, the Presiding Elder came in, & I was introduced to him as a *preacher*.

He said that he wanted a young married man, to go to the north, and labor through the winter; I gave him no answer that night; but the next morning, I found him at the barn, and told him, that if he wanted an unmarried man, I was not the one, as I was then on my way to Peacham, to get a wife; he asked her name, and after I told him, he replied, that he was acquainted with her, and that she could be no hinderance to me, but rather a great help.

On the 31st. day of December, 1848, it being Sabbath, I attended meeting with Jane, and at intermission, went to the house of H. P. Cushing, and was married, there being no one present, besides we three, except Mrs. Cushing and a hired girl.

January, 1849. We have just arrived

on to Westfield circuit. The day we started from Peacham was dreadful cold, my face froze, and Jane was white with frost; I asked her if she did not think it a hard case? she replied no; that she was laboring for the Lord, and was willing to endure any thing if she might win souls to Christ. One night we stopped at Craftsbury Poor House, and stayed with the afflicted.

Westfield circuit embraces five or six towns, and only Br. Aldrich and myself to preach among the people. The fields are white, the laborers are few; sin is making rapid strides through the land. Zion languishes; the devil triumphs, and God is dishonored. The work before me is of great magnitude, my soul is sorrowful, my heart is pained; I want a fresh baptism from on High. The Lord knows that I have not come here, for either money or honor, ease or pleasure. I am after a re-

formation among the people from *Satan* to God.

On my bended knees Oh God, I pour out my complaint before thee ; grant the desire of heart ; lay waste the strong holds of sin ; subdue the enemies of truth ; dry up the floods of iniquity, and cause the light of the gospel to shine forth.

17. Put up with a family where the woman is a Methodist, and the man a drunkard. He thought it strange that I did not converse with him more on the subject of religion ; I declined all conversation as much as possible. He went with me to meeting, but said that he should hold an argument with me when we returned ; when we came back it was late, yet he began ; but I proposed prayer, thinking that we could agree much better on our knees. In the morning, he had lost his *spirit*, and *did not wish to argue*.

21. Preached in Sutton, Canada, to a house full ; all were attentive.

26. Have been preaching every day this week, and visiting the people from house to house. We found many indifferent, and left them in tears. We sing and pray in every family, where we can get permission, sometimes are denied ; a great many ask an interest in our prayers ; children follow us to the door weeping, and say, they want to be good. The two last meetings have been interesting ; a large number arose for prayers, some confessed their wanderings, and asked forgiveness.

Jane sits with me in our meetings, and always gives an exhortation after sermon, reads a part of the hymns, and does a share of the praying ; she prays with one half of the families we visit, and always converses freely with individuals at every opportunity. I thank God, for one to hold me up, instead of

pulling me down. I got a much *better* wife than I ever expected to ; *but* whether I can say so in a few years from now, is quite another thing.

We go from one place to another, where all are entire strangers on both sides, and warn both the rich and poor, to flee from the wrath to come, and invite them to go to meeting, which we are sure to have appointed somewhere. Some go out of curiosity, and return to pray. .

Feb. 5. Held a meeting in Jay, Vt., where I was very much disturbed while speaking. There was present, a large woman who held a child, about three years old, and let it scream without cessation ; I bore it as long as I could, then told her, that she had better carry it out awhile ; upon this she caught fire, and left the house in a flirt, but soon returned for her cloak ; as she entered, I *saw that her countenance was not tow-*

ards me as formerly; her face was set as a flint, and away she went.

15. We lately went to Newport, Vt., and attended meeting the first evening with Br. Aldrich; but in the morning we went to the next neighborhood, and commenced visiting the people; we were informed, that there had been no meetings in the place for near two years. The place is new, and roads bad, the houses are mostly built of logs, and generally filled with a numerous family; most of the people are honest and warm hearted, though few pretend to religion. In that region, the kitchen, parlör, and shingle shop are all one; the little dirty children are healthy as pigs.

25. The Lord has favored us with his presence; quite a number of late have been converted, and some reclaimed; family altars have been reared; the careless quickened to duty, and a large number more are under deep conviction.

A backslider, came one evening to the log school-house, and when an invitation was given to arise for prayers, he felt it his duty to rise, but tho't he wouldn't till the next night. The next day he was taken sick; and while lying upon the bed of distress, he deeply regretted that he did not do his duty, while he had an opportunity. On being asked just before he died, if he was ready, he replied, "this is a poor place to think of these things," and thus he died. O take a timely warning BACKSLIDER, and look out for the interests of your soul.

26. Tried to preach a funeral sermon this afternoon. The deceased, was a young lady, who was taken ill but a few days ago; her disease was that of the heart. When I first saw her she was without the consolation of religion, but manifested a strong desire to obtain pardon. She was pointed to the Lamb.

of God, as her only refuge. Her mind was dark, and she was very ignorant, as it relates to faith in Jesus Christ, yet, she was willing to be taught, and seemed ready to do anything, in order to obtain forgiveness of sin. A few days after this, while going through a long piece of woods I met two little boys, who said, that I was desired to hasten to the sick girl; this I did with all possible speed, and found her on the borders of the grave, without a hope of Heaven. Her distress of body was very acute; great drops of sweat like beads, stood all over her fair countenance; her breathing was difficult, yet she did not complain; her greatest anxiety was to find Jesus to be precious to her soul. Prayer was made to God without ceasing, in her behalf; she also was not ashamed to pray, before her weeping neighbors. In a little while, her countenance lighted up, the tone of her voice changed,

and joy beamed from her eyes, while she exclaimed, "if Jesus was here, I know he would say that he loves me."

She was conscious that her sins were pardoned, and she said, that she was then ready to die. She took her brothers and sisters each by the hand, affectionately kissed them; and made them promise to try and meet her in Heaven; tears were running down their faces, and their hearts were ready to burst, while they declared their intentions to meet their sister in Glory. Her father and mother were sobbing aloud, and neighbors mingled their voices of mourning. After bidding the family, and her other friends, a long farewell, she lay composed for a while, then left this world of sin. Reader, "prepare to meet thy God."

About the last of this month, I was taken suddenly ill, and was laid away in an open chamber of a log house,

a straw bed ; the Lord was with me, and raised me up soon ; so I was able to ride and visit some ; but could not endure much.

The school teacher, Mr. Peabody, in that place, drew many of the young people with him to a dancing school, one evening in a week ; which was a great annoyance to me. One morning, Mr. Peabody brought the bible to me, and wished me to explain this text, "A time to dance." He said, that inasmuch as there is a time to dance, therefore it is right to dance ; I replied, that there is also a time to kill, therefore it is right to kill. I gave out word, that the next evening, I should preach from this text, "a time to dance." News spread through the town, which drew out as many as could conveniently get into the house ; they were all full of anxiety, to know what in the world I was going to talk about. I told them, 1st, that dancing

was an ancient practice. I then noticed, Miriam at the Red Sea, David before the Ark, Herodias before Herod, and the occasion of each. &c. 2d, The present practice of dancing, is necessary. First, to drive conviction from our consciences. Secondly, to grieve the Holy Spirit. Thirdly, to harden the heart. Fourthly, to lessen the probability of our salvation ; and lastly, to fit us for the *damnation of hell*. I then noticed the word "time," how it is generally spent ; how it should be spent ; and the solemnities of its close, &c. I know not as I ever attended a more solemn meeting.

After this, some of the dancing scholars refused to attend the school any more. Mr. Peabody attended most of the meetings, and would sit up straight as a candle, as if nothing hit his ear. One evening however, his feelings were wrought upon most powerfully, and

arose and said, that he had lived in sin long enough, and wished to become a christian ; the next day he was ashamed of what he had said, and made mock of it ; poor man.

March 3. My health being very poor, I preached in Newport for the last time, from this text, "I know that after my departure, greivous wolves, &c." After forming a class, I left, and have not seen any of them since.

We went to Westfield, and were invited by Mrs. Davis, to put up at her house. In the evening Mr. D., came home and went to bed without seeing us. At the usual hour, I told Mrs. D., that it would be proper to have prayers and retire to rest ; she appeared confused, and said she would ask her husband. She soon returned, saying that he would have no praying in the house. The next morning he appeared pleasant until I introduced the subject of relig-

ion, when he grew warm hearted *and* talked most ridiculous, accusing me of everything bad, not allowing me one good quality. After a little while, Jane undertook to talk carefully with him, when he turned upon her, accusing her of being out of her place, and getting her living without work; and said as many more hard things, as I ever heard spoken to a female; she did not change her countenance, but meekly retired.— At breakfast he politely waited on all, and seemed to be liberal; while the rest began to eat, I covered my face with my hands, and soon moved from the table; he seemed surprised, and asked, “What is the matter, can you not eat any breakfast?” I replied, *no sir*, and if I had known that you grudged our entertainment I would have eaten no supper in this house, and most *surely* I shall eat no breakfast; I have done my *duty before God*, and shall leave the

consequences with him. We soon were off in a hurry. Mrs. D., professes to be a Methodist, and he a *man*. They had two ridiculous behaved girls, *big* enough to be ladies.

March 10. Feeling that we had done our duty in the northern region, we left the circuit about noon on Saturday, without saying a word to any one.— Just at night the same day, we called on Mr. Chamberlain at Craftsbury, who invited us to stop over the Sabbath, which we consented to do, providing we could have a chance to preach at the poor-house. Sabbath evening, the poor-house was filled, and we had an interesting time.

We then proceeded to Thetford, where I left Jane, and the sleigh, took a gig, and went to Landgrove; all the way I found:—

Snow-banks high, and gutters deep,
With many a hill, both tall and steep.

29. Jane also came to Landgrove, and we made preparations for house-keeping. We had about two dollars in money, but not one article of household furniture of any description, not so much as a knife, or plate. I asked Jane what she was a going to do, who replied, that she would do any way; that she was willing to live in a log house, or a mansion, wear good clothes, or poor ones, be in the fashion or out of it; that she could get along with a very few things, and those of the plainest kind. She said that she married me, to make me happy, which she could never do, by desiring anything beyond our means. Most all around us were strangers, and we had to get along accordingly.

I found an old rusty stove beside the road, that I obtained, which in a short time, Jane made look like a new one
We hired a straw bed, two chairs,

· kèttle, and a few other thing. Jane took in work, and bought a little low table, which was made in the days of our great grandmother, and was so constructed, that no one could sit close to it in a natural way, the frame being arranged near the outer edge of the leaf, and a slat passing from one leg to another, both at the top and bottom. We learned to sit our sides to the table, and so reach round for the victuals ; but when we had company, they would undertake to sit down to supper, as they had been in the habit of doing, when their knees would bump against the frame work, and frequently upset the water ; then in silence, they would side up, like the rest of us ; though we were sometimes a little pleased, yet, we never said a word, for we made it a rule, when we first began to keep house, never to make the least excuse about any thing we had, or did. Mr. Aldrich

trusted me twelve dollars ; and I bought three knives and forks, two tumblers, a few plates, some tinware, a broom, a little fish, some flour, and various other things ; and in an old back kitchen, half filled up with an uncovered chimney we commenced keeping house.

April 3, 1849. We first sat down at our own table, and ate freely of fish and potato ; we thought it the best that we ever tasted, and we praised God. After breakfast, we knelt down at the family altar, and asked the blessing of God upon us. Jane always prays once a day, and I once, unless one of us are sick, then the other does all the praying.

O what can we render to the Lord for the ten thousand mercies which he bestows upon us.

From this time to the close of my book, I shall only extract a little here and there, from a great deal which I *have written*, calculating at some future

day, to prepare another edition, and put in all which may be interesting.

We worked very hard, and when we had earned a few dollars, I went and bought such things as we needed, and carried home the hired ones, until all was ours. When I brought home any thing, Jane always had some kind word to say ; she never thinks a thing is too cheap or too dear, too good or too poor, she always meets me with a smile. I never yet saw a scowl on her face, nor heard her speak an unpleasant word. I never knew her to sweep the dirt under the bed, or behind the door, and sit the broom over it. When I want a change of apparel, I never find a hole in any garment, or my stockings wrong side out ; it may be said of her, that she has a place for everything, and everything in its place. I never knew her to be light and trifling with any one ; she is always cheerful and happy, and never

lets her visitors depart without *first* praying with them.

I worked on *Lasts*, and when I had a load, I went and sold them. When my load was all gone, I carried home a great many new things; Jane could scarcely help weeping when I unloaded them. At one time, I went to the North about a hundred miles, and being rather short of money, I put up one night at a tavern in Fairlee, Vt. After my horse was well taken care of, I retired from the house, and no one knew but I had gone to stay with a friend. After all was silent, I lay down in my wagon and covered up with a buffalo; one night also I stopped in Weathersfield, under a beautiful tree, and let my horse go at large; though he was only four years old, and very high spirited, yet, he would never go out of sight. I regret the day that I sold him.

July 15.

THE SABBATH.

This is a day the Lord has blessed,
And set apart for man to rest,
A day in which his children meet,
And find their place at Jesus feet.

PRAISE.

Praise ye the Lord ye mountains strong ;
And hills uplifted in the throng,
Praise ye the Lord ye valleys deep,
Ye silent rocks awake from sleep.
Praise him ye high and lofty trees,
Ye birds of air, and fish of seas,
Praise Him ye beasts of every kind,
Praise ye the Lord, O sons of men.

We held meetings every Sunday
evening in our room through the season.

I preached half of the time at Mt. Ta-
bor and the rest in various places on
Derry circuit.

In the winter, it was exceeding dif-
ficult to get to some of my appoint-
ments. One Sabbath morning just at
light—

The door was opened for to know
The state of things without,
Alas ! my face was filled with snow

By Bluster Strong, and Stout,
"This is the Sabbath day I know "
My eager mind exclaimed,
And shall I stay or shall I go
To preach the sermon framed?
My horse was strong and ready stood,
To undertake a task,
Of any kind which I thought good
Or proper him to ask;
My coat and mittens both were gone
To keep another warm,
I'de not a bridle to put on,
To drive him through the storm.
A halter answered for a guide,
To steer my beast along,
To keep him in the narrow road,
And from the path of wrong.
A bedquilt from the bed I took,
And 'round my shoulders flung,
And started forward down the brook,
While winds and tempests sung.
The drifts so towering lay along,
The wind so fiercely blew,
That it was hard to stay upon
The back of Jonny true.
But after many anxious thoughts,
And many strong desires,
I have returned without a hurt,
To seat me by the fire.
And now may I to Jesus live,
His will and work to do,
That from his hand I may receive .
His grace and favor too.

Dec. 31. O happy day that fixed my choice ; just one year since I was united to one who in every respect has proved much better than I expected.

Aug. 24, 1850. Went in the rain to Peru, and held meeting all day. I had an appointment far on the Green-mountain for evening, but as it continued to rain, the brethren thought I had not better go, saying that no one would be out, but I thought differently, and went on; found the place without much difficulty; the man is a professor, by the name of J. French; his wife is fifteen years old, and makes no profession, she keeps things in order; they live in a log house, quite comfortable.

Sept. 20. According to previous appointment, I went again to J. French's and found a room full; the way to the place is very bad; I was obliged to go through swamp, over logs, and wade the brooks; but I had a good time.

some arose for prayers, and earnestly expressed a desire for religion.

Nov. 7. The past year has been one of deep trial to me. I do not feel in the way of duty anyhow. I am sorry that I settled down here. I have been prospered as far as money is concerned. I bought a little place, for a hundred and fifty dollars, and by hard work have increased its value one half; but this is not my place, God called me to be a travelling preacher. Of late I have been brought near the gate of death, by the typhus fever, which put me into debt about fifty dollars.

20. Being able to ride, I left home in a gig, and went to Jamaica. Just before night I gave out an appointment and preached in the evening; my voice was very feeble.

23. Went to Stratton and put up with Br. Eddy, and in the morning *went to a little settlement, in Somerset,*

far on the Green mountain, the distance of ten miles. After wallowing in snow and mud until 11 A. M., I reached the place and gave out for a meeting to begin in an hour; the people came quickly together, and we had a good day waiting upon the Lord.

Feb. 10. My health is so poor that I cannot do any hard work, so I travel, fix clocks, visit and hold meetings. For many years Jane has felt it her duty to preach in public; she has had many trials in regard to this duty, knowing that such a course was wholly out of the common order. I have often found her weeping, and on inquiry what could be the matter, she has frequently told me that she had no doubt but God had called her to preach the gospel in a different manner from what she had formerly done.

I always told her that I would not hinder, but rather lend her ~~all~~ the aid in my power.

Not many days ago when I closed the meeting in the afternoon at Jamaica, I told the people that there would be preaching in the evening, by one of us; then told Jane in private that if she ever wished to begin, to improve the present opportunity. With much fear and trembling she did so, and preached a better discourse than I had any idea she could. After this she did a great share of the preaching. Soon it was noised abroad that Mrs. Camp was a much better speaker than her husband. multitudes came out to hear, and after coming once, would come again and again. She had a powerful constitution, and could endure much more than myself. When we were going from one place to another, we would enquire for clock-work, and found an abundance of it, the profits of which, gave us a good living. Jane generally helped me *do the repairs*, which made some peo-

ple think strange that she would take a dirty clock in her *bare* hands.

In March, 1851, we moved to East Townshend, and I labored with Br. Ingraham on Athens circuit. Some of the members have not attended class for a number of years, and but few have any family devotion whatever. The preachers dare not say any thing to displease them, for fear they will come short for *support*. Salary is the main thing now-a-days. Notwithstanding all, there are some good members on this circuit, and now and then a young person becomes religious.

September. I have worked hard, gained something, and am in a fair way to loose every thing. I am out of the way of duty and must expect chastisements. Having worked out a load of lasts this summer, I started for the north in order to sell them. One afternoon I stopped at South Reading, and traded a

few dollars with a man who was *pro-fane* in talk ; when I was about ready to leave his shop, I told him that I preached sometimes, and if he would give out the appointment, I would hold a meeting in the evening. I could not make him think that I was in earnest, so I went to my wagon, changed some of my clothes, took my bible in my hand, and went through the village, knocking on almost every door, entering the tavern, stores, and hailing all in the streets. I invited them to attend the meeting. The folks were filled with wonder to see a crazy man among them. I bought a few candles, borrowed a number of candlesticks and lighted the house in season. Then retired until the people came together. The first thing which I saw on entering the house, was a pumpkin cut in imitation of a face, with a candle in it. I walked up to the *young man*, and placing my hand on

his shoulder, said sternly, "walk out with that quick." He went in haste, and all was quiet afterwards. We had a solemn time, I took for a text, "this is the way, walk ye in it."

27. Put up with Mr. B., in So. Stratford. He is a shoemaker by trade, and *professes* to be a christian. If all such men go to Heaven, the devil must come short of folks any how. I well recollect when a little boy, of going away to the woods in the bleak fall winds, and chopping wood, to pay this same man for a good pair of boots; yet when I got them, they were not worth a ninepence; but I was a poor child, and must say nothing. After retiring to bed I was so annoyed by a snoring man, that I arose about midnight, harnessed up, and sitting the candle on the gatepost, went to Thetford, and lay down till morning.

I will glory in the cross of Christ,

my soul shall make her boast in the Lord, for he has done marvelous things for me.

A few nights ago I dreamed that I went to hell, and conversed with the *lost*. I saw one by the name of George, who was drowned a few years ago on Sunday. He told me his folly in life, and present wretchedness. On hearing some beautiful singing, I enquired where it was. He said, "from the happy in Heaven," and that they could hear it all the time. So saying, many of them covered their faces with their hands, and wept. It was a dark and dismal place. *Poor sinner, flee to Jesus.*

August, 1852. One Sabbath I read to the church in Athens, the following :

After the separation of the Methodist E. Church from the South, we did hope that Slavery would soon become extinct in the northern branch. This prospect is now blasted ; the Church has no

desire to be free from slavery. She has lately enlarged her borders, and now admits to her communion, the crushing slaveholder, and the humble christian, the *poor slave*, and the black hearted oppressor. We cannot in conscience cast our influence against our neighbor by a connection with a people who entertain such unscriptural principles. It is high time that our hearts were affected by the groans of the oppressed.— From this date we are no longer members of the M. E. Church,

WILLIAM AND JANE CAMP.

About this time I bought a shop in Athens, but it was not what I expected ; I was obliged to lay out a great deal to put it in repair. This run me into debt so deep that I could not get out, and was obliged to sell all I had for what I could get. I settled up with nearly all, and had only about ten dollars to ~~more~~

away. Some supposed that I had property hid away, which is a great mistake. I lost about three hundred dollars and had nothing left. I desire to draw a veil over the trials and troubles which we met and endured at Athens. We had many warm friends, and some active enemies. One day I came into the house and said : Well Jane, every thing is now gone, we have nothing left ; many think me dishonest, and consequently hate us both ; my health is poor, a cold winter is just before us ; we have ourselves and two children to provide for, what do you think now ? She replied, "I never thought so highly of you as I do to-day, and I rejoice that I can share with you the trials of life, as well as its joys ; we have done the best we could, and now we will not *mourn* or reproach ourselves, though every thing is gone ; God will take care of us *if* ~~we~~ *we* love Him, and as for little *Maramine* and *Florida*, they will be provid-

ed for also. Now let us have courage, and do the best we can."

Oct. 27. Knowing that something must be done soon, I started in search of employment, and went to Fitchburg, Mass., the same day. As soon as the cars stopped at the depot, I went to Hayward's Chair-factory, and tried to hire out, but could not. I turned away disappointed, went to the Machine shop, and enquired for Mr. Putnam, one of the owners; he was pointed out to me, going across the road. I thought that he was a very plain looking man, and might possibly hire me; so I followed him to the Foundry, and told him that I had come to Massachusetts in search of employment, and was willing to work at almost any thing, and for almost any price. He told me to come in the morning, and he would talk with his brother about it. In the morning they asked me what I would work for,

a' year. I told them two hundred dollars, if I could support my family on it ; they agreed to hire me, and I went to work at noon. Worked five days, then returned for my family. The Mr. Putnam's names will be remembered by me with feelings of the deepest gratitude ; they have willingly done much better than they agreed to ; they have given me a chance to live, and also to raise funds for the printing of this little book.

Mr. Down, a job man, moved my goods from the depot to the house, and when they were unloaded, I did not have money enough to pay him, lacking ten cents.

I went to work with feeble health, and continued to run down until it was with much difficulty that I could get up the shop stairs. Soon I was confined to the house. This was within about four weeks from our coming to Fitchburg. Every prospect was dark. I was

sick, without money, without friends, and of course without credit. One day while in this condition, my sister Betsey came from Lawrence to see me, with her husband, Mr. Blackburn.

The next day she wanted to know if I needed any money ; I told her though I might need some, yet there was no prospect that I could ever pay her. She said that she did not care whether I ever payed it or not, I should have it. Just before she went away, she came along with a ten dollar bill, and said that her husband wished me to take it, and if I was ever in circumstances to pay it back, I might do so ; I could scarcely help weeping at their kindness. One day, when I was able to walk out, I went about two miles from the village, and sat down on the rustling leaves, in a fine grove, and thought, " what shall I do ? " After commending myself and family to the care of God, I returned to the house.

I there and then promised the *Lord*, that if my health and circumstances would ever permit, I would again resume my labors as a travelling preacher, and never forsake the field.

Through the winter I preached occasionally for the Advents in Fitchburg and the adjoining towns. In the Spring I held a few meetings at the South part of the town. When the weather became warm, one day as I was looking towards the Cemetery, and seeing many people there, I felt it my duty to go and preach to them; accordingly I went, but the cross was so heavy, that I did not take it up, and returned burdened. At another time, one Sabbath, in the afternoon, as I was again looking in that direction, and seeing multitudes of people walking among the graves, I thought that I must either preach to them or grieve the spirit of God. I *therefore* went immediately and got on

to a stone, and threw off my hat, and gave them a lecture from, "As it is appointed unto man once to die," &c.

The next Sabbath I preached there again, from, "Behold the Lamb of God," &c. After this I noticed that most professors treated me with indifference, which was nothing more than I expected. I hope in a few months to commence my travels again, and when I do so, I shall calculate to preach out of doors, as well as in the house, and every where, try to persuade men to be reconciled to God. I have now finished my journal, and will only add, "Seek the Lord while he may be found, and call ye upon him while he is near."

LABORS OF THE

WHAT I PREACH.

1st. That the heavens and earth which are now, by the word of God, are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. (2 Pet. 3: 7.)—

2d. That there will be but two advents or appearances of the Savior to this earth. (Heb. 9: 29.) That the first took place in the days of Herod. (Mat.

2: 1.) That the second coming or appearing will be when he shall descend from Heaven to give his people rest. (1 Thess. 4: 15, 17.)—3d. That the second coming of Christ is now nigh,

even at the doors. (Mat. 24: 33.)—4th. That the condition of salvation is repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. (Acts 20: 21.)—

5th. The bodies of all the dead will be raised. (John 5: 28, 29.) Those who are Christ's will be raised at his coming. (1 Cor. 15: 23.) That the rest of the

dead will not live again until after a thousand years. (Rev. 20 : 5.)—6th. That the only millenium taught in the Bible, is the thousand years which are to intervene between the first resurrection and that of the rest of the dead. (Rev. 20 : 2, 7.)—7th. That there is no promise of the world's conversion. (Matt. 24 : 14. 13 : 37—43.)—8th. That departed saints do not receive any part of their reward at death. (Dan. 12 : 13.) That they will be rewarded at Christ's coming. (Mat. 25 : 34.)—9th. That the end of the wicked is ETERNAL DESTRUCTION. (Mal. 4 : 1.)

WHAT I SING.

We're looking for a city,
When Eden is restored ;
A city of foundations,
Whose builder is the Lord.
Whose glories are unfading ;
Whose beauties are untold ;
Whose walls are built of Jasper,
And streets, of finest gold.
Oh happy day, we'll never from thee stray,
Oh glorious sight, 'twill be delight,
Within thy walls, to stay.

The length and breadth are equal,
Twelve thousand furlongs square ;
And naught unclean or hateful,
Shall ever enter there.
The nations of the saved,
Shall walk in glory bright,
With Christ, the Son of David,
Their everlasting light.
" Oh happy day," &c

The Kings of earth, their glory
And honors well may bring ;
Within thy massive portals,

Great city of our King !
No need of any candle,
Or sun, or moon, to shine ;
The Lord, thee will enlighten,
His glories are sublime.

“ Oh happy day,” &c.

I'm weary of staying—O when shall I rest
In that promised land of the good and the blest—
Where sin shall no longer her blandishments
spread,

And tears and temptations forever are fled.
I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joys' glowing visions that fade at their
birth ;

O'er the pangs of the lov'd that we cannot as-
suage,

O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness
of age.

I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as bright morning dew ;
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.

I'm weary of loving, where all pass away,
The brightest and fairest, alas ! cannot stay ;
I look to the place where these partings are o'er,
Where death and the tomb can divide us no
more !

I long to see that glorious day,
When all the saints shall stand
On Zion's Mount in bright array,
Redeem'd from ev'ry land.

O bear me on, &c.

I long to look from that blest height,
O'er Eden's smiling plains,
And gaze upon those hills of light,
Where joy forever reigns.

O bear me on, &c.

I long to see that pilgrim band
That once went suffering here,
And looking for a heavenly land,
On Zion's Mount appear.

O bear me on, &c.

That ransomed throng of martyrs bold,
O how I long to see ;
And hear them sing with joy untold,
That song of victory.

O bear me on, &c.

From every land, from every clime,
From every shore and sea ;
The weary pilgrims of all time,
Safe gathered there shall be.

O bear me on, &c.

Then haste, thou morn of glory bright !
Eternal day, arise !
We wait and long to see thy light
Illume these darkened skies.

O bear me on, &c.

The line to heaven by Christ was made—
With heavenly truth the rails are laid ;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.

Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in ;
No fee for them is there to pay—
For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible, then, is engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear ;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

God's love the fire, his truth the steam,
Which drives the engine and the train ;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ--in him abide.

In first, and second, and third class,
Repentance, faith, and holiness,
You must the way to glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come, then, poor sinners, now's the time,
At any place upon the line,
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.

Mark that pilgrim—lowly bending,
At the shrine of prayer—ascending,
Praise and sighs together blending
From his lips in mournful strain ;
Glowing with sincere contrition,
And with childlike, blest submission,
Ever riseth this petition—
“Jésus, come—oh come to reign.”

Kingdoms now are reeling, falling,
Nations lie in wo appalling,
On their sages vainly calling
All these wonders to explain ;
While the slain around are lying,
God's own little flock are sighing,
And in secret places crying,
“Jeaus come—oh come to reign.”

Here the wicked lived securely,
Of to-morrow boasting surely,
While from those who're walking purely
They extort dishonest gain ;
Yea, the meek are burden'd, driven ;

Want and care to them are given,
But they lift the cry to Heaven.
"Jesus come—oh come to reign."

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids the silent tear to flow :
It is not grief that bids me moan :
It is—that I am all alone.

All alone, all alone.
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home,
Or, by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.
On its breast, on its breast ;
When the pale star looks on its breast.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead ;
It floats upon the water's bed :
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale :
I've none to smile when I am free,
And, when I sigh, to sigh with me.
Yet in my dreams, a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too :

I start;—and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to
part,
And go from my home affects not my heart,
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to
pray,—where I've chosen to pray.

Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have
spread,
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head ;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Savior in prayer,
—to my, &c.

The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale
That dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises while I went to prayer
—while I, &c.

Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new ;
Well knowing my Savior resides everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

GREEN MOUNTAIN PREACHER. 179

Ah, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,
What shall thy doom be, when, arrayed in terror,
God shall command thee, covered with pollution,
Up to the judgment? Up to the judgment.

Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice,
Fly to the caverns, seek an-ni-hi-la-tion?
Vain thy presumption; justice still shall tri-
umph
In thy destruction, In thy destruction.

Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge in ven-
geance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition, Swift to perdition.

Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not
hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.

Come, then, poor sinner, come away this mo-
ment,
Just as you are, but come with heart relenting,
Come to the fountain open for the guilty;
Jesus invites you.

I love the holy Son of God,
 Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
 Who bore my sins, a dreadful load,
 Up cavalry's gloomy mountain.
 There, on the cross, the Savior hung,
 The sport of many an impious tongue,
 While pain extreme his nature wrung,
 And flowed life's crimson fountain.

The sun would not behold the scene,
 But round him threw night's sable screen;
 Nature was robed in mourning mien,
 And sighed when Jesus suffered.
 But ah! his persecutors stood—
 That wicked, impious, hellish brood—
 Unmoved to see his gushing blood,
 And shocking insults offered.

And never shall it be concealed,
 He hath to me his love revealed,
 Of all my sins a pardon sealed—
 I feel his blessed favor.
 In him I do and will rejoice;
 I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
 Until the theme my tongue empoly
 In heaven above, forever.





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